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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

GENERAL FRANCO has struck back on the Madrid front. The insurgent troops, heavily reinforced both on land and in the air, have recovered a great part of the ground that the Government had captured in the recent offensive, including Brunete, which has been reduced to ruins. The battles of the last week took place in a heat so intense that men were fighting half-naked, and the casualties, after all allowance has been made for exaggerated claims on either side, appear to have been exceptionally heavy. By the middle of this week the rebel push had halted, and the Republicans profess confidence in their ability to hold Madrid. The defences of the city are strong, and all the reports of the new model army are encouraging. Franco continues to enjoy a numerical advantage in the air, and his army still appears to have some technical superiority. But, so far as we can judge, there is little ground for the belief—which is said to be held in Rome, and more doubtfully in Berlin—that he is within sight of any decisive victory. If the reports are true that the Basque forces have been reorganised, he may presently have to contend with a new pressure in the north.

Belligerent Rights for Franco?

The fate of "non-intervention" still hangs in the balance. It is possible, though not very probable, we fear, that some definite agreement may be come to by the Committee by the end of this week. Germany and Italy both profess to support the British proposals, and to be in favour of the withdrawal of volunteers from Spain. But Count Grandi is a clever disciple of Machiavelli, and he and Herr von Ribbentropp are quite capable of further efforts to humbug the Committee. And suppose the patience of the British Government is at last exhausted—as everyone else's has long been—what then? Will the lawful Government of Spain be allowed the right to buy munitions for the defence of the Republic, and will it get the assistance of the League Powers, as the National Council of Labour demands in its statement issued on Tuesday? France is evidently prepared to open the Pyrenean frontier, and is equally indisposed to grant belligerent rights to Franco. But the British Government, it is widely believed, is ready to render this service to the rebel cause, and actually contemplates pressing the French to do likewise. That—in the circumstances of to-day, with Spain full of foreign combatants and Franco waiting to receive further reinforcements from the Fascist Powers—would be a scandal. It would not merely outrage the moral sense of the country. It would have very mischievous consequences from the point of British interests and, as is pointed out in a letter on another page of this issue, might easily lead to graver industrial complications.

Japan Moves

When we wrote last week it looked as if war between Japan and China might be averted. This week the situation has worsened. The rejection by General Sung Chek-yuan of the Japanese ultimatum on Tuesday was the signal for an attack on the outskirts of Peking, and fighting continues as we go to press. Few can doubt that this aggression—called by the Japanese, with a pretty irony, "punitive measures of self-defence"—is a premeditated move. Japan has her reasons, domestic and external, for seizing this occasion for another blow at the integrity of China, and for laying the foundations of another Manchukuo in the Northern Provinces. The Chinese, stiffened by the intolerable provocation they have had and more united, for the moment at least, politically and militarily, than they have been in the past, are putting on a bold front. Whether they are capable of beating the invader in open fight is another matter. And they can hardly look for assistance from abroad. Mr. Eden informed the House of Commons that the British and French and American Governments had all urged on Tokio and Nanking their concern for a peaceful settlement. Tokio (which, of course, fears no intervention) is no doubt equally concerned for a "settlement"—peaceful perhaps, but Japanese certainly.

Economic Appeasement

The sentiments expressed by the King of the Belgians in his letter to M. van Zeeland with regard to the rational organisation of world economy are impeccable; his specific proposals, we fear, lead precisely nowhere. King Leopold rightly urges recognition of the need to "tackle the economic question in its entirety and to solve the great problems which menacingly confront humanity—distribution of raw materials and the means of exchange; international distribution of labour; equilibrium between industrial and agricultural countries." The economic tensions and friction which are threatening the world's peace undoubtedly require more for their appeasement than patchwork adjustments here and there of tariffs and quotas. The difficulty is that no Government, least of all the British, is ready to give a decided lead in the effort to solve questions which are economic by definition but political in actuality. King Leopold suggests that his Prime Minister, in reporting on the results of his preliminary investigation of trade barriers, should consider recommending the establishment of a sort of permanent international economic general staff. Such a body, whose functions would duplicate those of the existing Economic Section of the League, would have theoretically the advantage of including, presumably, representatives of the U.S.A., Germany, Italy and Japan. But could its deliberations lead to any positive results? Its members, like those of the World Economic Conference of 1927, would have no mandate from their Governments, no authority to commit their countries to action. And it is action, involving reversal of policies aimed at self-sufficiency and economic imperialism alike, which is required to-day.

Tighter Economic Control in Germany

The Germans, in growing economic difficulties owing to the sparseness of the harvest, are carrying still further their control over the farmers. Last year the cereal growers had merely to deliver to the authorities fixed quantities of wheat and rye, and were free to dispose of any excess over these quantities. But this year the entire crop, except what is required for seed or for the farmers' own consumption, has to be delivered up; and there are absolute prohibitions against the use of grain as feeding stuff. With this stricter control over agriculture goes a renewed effort to cut down imports of raw materials—presumably in order to release foreign exchange for necessary purchases of foodstuffs abroad. A new concern, founded by General Goering as a sort of public corporation, is to develop intensively Germany's home supplies of low-grade iron ore, which in 1936 met only 6 per cent. of the current requirements. In addition to the mining of ore, smelting and other processing works are to be erected by a subsidiary company under the control of the State. The Nazi press is divided in its comments on these new moves, one section stressing the co-operation with the industrialists which is to be a feature of the scheme as a sign that it has nothing in common with Socialism, whereas the *Völkische Beobachter* regards it as a move towards "National Socialism" in face of the refusal of the industrialists to take the proper measures for developing home resources under the Four Year Plan. In any case it is another step towards complete war preparation. That completeness, however, will always be lacking, for the Nazi leaders know (and complain in private) that they cannot be sure of the morale of their disciplined hosts. But Thomas Mann, in the moving letter to the authorities of the University of Bonn, which removed him from its rolls (published as a pamphlet, by the *Friends of Europe* at 122 St. Stephen's House, S.W.1), is, we fear, too optimistic in saying that there is no meaning in the policy of National Socialism except to prepare for war, but that the result of that policy is that "no other people on earth is to-day so utterly incapable of war, so little in condition to endure one."

The Supreme Court

Now that the United States Senate has killed the Supreme Court Bill by 70 votes (including those of 53 Democrats) to 20, the point of interest is the President's probable reactions to his political set-back. Will he accept as irresistible the antipathy of many Democrats, both in the Senate and Congress, to the New Deal, or will he rely on the Court being further "liberalised" by the hand of time and push on with progressive legislation during the two years of office left to him? Mr. Roosevelt's popularity in the country has been maintained much more successfully than his hold over the legislature; his bitterest opponents do not underrate his political dexterity; and an autumn programme of more New Deal legislation is by no means outside the range of possibility. Nevertheless, the Supreme Court may yet prove a serious stumbling-block to his plans. There is talk of the impending resignation of two more of its "Conservative" members. If they were replaced by New Dealers, there would be a seven to two "Liberal" majority in the Court. But erstwhile New Dealers have a way of turning their coats, as Governor Lehman's sudden defection showed; and now that the threat of reform, which seemingly induced the Supreme Court to think better of a number of its earlier invalidations, has

gone, a relapse into obstructionism, "to safeguard the Constitution," is by no means unlikely.

Milk and Poverty

A deputation from the Children's Minimum Council went to the Minister of Health on Tuesday to press their proposals for more milk for expectant mothers and infants. Their case is one that even a skinflint Chancellor of the Exchequer should find it difficult to resist. The high price of milk in this country (3¼*d.* a pint on the average as compared with 1½*d.* in Sweden) deprives millions of the poor of the nutrition they need. And the lack of fresh milk is particularly deplorable in the case of babies and of mothers in pregnancy and lactation. It is something, no doubt, that the local authorities are now providing some 7,000,000 gallons per annum through the Maternity and Child Welfare Centres. But this is not enough. It means only about one pint a day for 150,000 persons, whereas the number of children under 5 and of nursing or expectant mothers of the same social status as the elementary school population in England and Wales is estimated at about 3,000,000. The Children's Minimum Council ask that milk should be made available at 1½*d.* a pint for these women and children; that some concession towards this reduced price should be made by both producers and distributors and the balance found by the Exchequer; and that, where the family resources available for expenditure on food are insufficient for full health, the milk should be provided free by the local authorities with the assistance of an Exchequer grant. Sir Kingsley Wood was sympathetic but non-committal; but it is hoped that the Minister of Agriculture may shortly make an announcement that the Government are not turning an entirely deaf ear to these reasonable demands.

Unemployment Assistance

The second report of the Unemployment Assistance Board, which has appeared this week, only goes up to the end of last year, and therefore does not cover the period during which reductions were being made in the allowances on the change-over from the "Standstill Agreement." The Board is thus able to take credit for increases under the new scales, without having to consider the operation of the impending reductions. It appears that increases accrued under the revised scale in 37 per cent. of the cases, whereas in 34 per cent. there was no change. This left 29 per cent. liable to reductions, but in some few of these cases reconsideration in detail might cause the reduction to be remitted. The Board's report is most interesting when it comments on the high proportion of elderly workers among its clientele and on the reluctance of employers to engage ageing workers or to give them a chance of adapting themselves to changed conditions of employment. It notes also the numbers of quite young workers who have never been in a regular job, and especially the instances in which these workers come from households in which the father is also chronically unemployed. The existence of a hard core of chronically workless persons—mostly unskilled and of poor physique—even in the most prosperous areas—is confirmed; and attention is drawn to the number of cases of low-wage workers whose allowances have been cut because they would otherwise exceed normal earnings. This last point is of special importance; for though the Board says that its officers keep a careful watch in such cases for signs of under-nourishment, this statement does not inspire much confidence. Wages which fall below the Board's scales are plainly not living wages, and ought not to be allowed.

Slum Clearance on the High Seas

Mr. Spence, at the Jubilee Conference of the National Union of Seamen, was eloquent about the new regulations drawn up by the Merchant Shipping Advisory Committee in order to improve the standards of accommodation on sea-going vessels. These regulations are now before the Board of Trade, and are expected to be issued shortly. Behind the success of the Union in securing them lies a long agitation, carried on both by the Union itself and by the Labour Party in the House of Commons—Mr. Arthur Greenwood having been especially active in pressing home the seamen's case. It is now fourteen years since the regulations were amended. Standards have improved appreciably in the larger and newer vessels; but many scandalous cases of overcrowding and bad ventilation have been exposed during the past few years. When the new code comes into force it will be compulsory in new ships—and in old ones whenever it is possible to adapt them to provide accommodation for the crew on an improved standard, and not forward or below the load water line. There are to be separate rooms for each watch, lockers for all men, separate mess-rooms and washing rooms with hot water, and for all vessels over 2,500 tons gross a fully equipped hospital is to be compulsory. Seamen's conditions have been improved gradually since Samuel Plimsoll began his crusade against "coffin ships" more than sixty-five years ago. But the accommodation provided for the crew has remained very bad in the older and the smaller vessels, and it is good news that something is at last to be done about it.

Holidays with Pay

The engineering workers have secured a new agreement under which weekly wages will be increased by 3*s.*, in two instalments, one now and the other at the beginning of November. Overtime rates are also to be advanced; but much more important is the concession of the claim to paid holidays. This is to be met by the establishment by each federated engineering firm of a fund for the purpose. A sum equal to one-fiftieth of the time-rate of wages is to be paid into this fund in respect of each full week's work, with proportionate allowances where less than a full week has been worked. This is not a very generous provision; for even if a man works fifty full weeks in the year he stands to receive only one week's holiday pay at his time-rate, which may be substantially less than his normal weekly earnings. Nevertheless, the principle has been recognised; and doubtless the more progressive firms will accord more generous treatment. The Trade Unions made a number of other claims, including the long overdue consolidation of the "war bonuses" granted after 1914 into the standard rates. This is an important matter because the bonuses do not at present count in calculating piecework prices or other special earnings. A special committee is to be set up to go into this question.

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GERMAN PROTESTANTS

THE outside world looks on with astonishment and growing admiration while German Protestant clergy—and a considerable lay following—continue to resist the spiritual claims of the Totalitarian State. Why, it is asked, have these clergy, who were hardly heard of before the Nazi Revolution, and who are without the material means of offering resistance, been able to hold out for more than four years, when the German Trade Union movement (once the greatest in the world, except the British), the German Communist Party (the strongest outside Russia), the Social Democratic Party (the wealthiest Labour party that ever existed and commanding that formidable militant organisation, the Reichsbanner), the National People's Party (one of the most powerful Conservative organisations in Europe and enjoying the full support of a powerful ex-Servicemen's League, the Stahlhelm) were unable to hold out at all?

And what, it is asked, can have given Protestant clergy and laymen the inner strength and conviction to hold out in this manner, seeing that the German Protestant Church was to all appearance moribund or, in so far as it had any conspicuous vitality at all, associated with reaction, or even with National Socialism itself?

It is no disparagement of the steadfastness shown by the German "Confessional Church," in which the resisting Protestant clergy are organised, to say that, although its members have suffered much and are likely to suffer more, they have not undergone what the German political Left has undergone. Clergy and laymen have been arrested and imprisoned, some have been sent to concentration camps, many have been deported from their parishes, and a few have even been physically maltreated. But, so far at least, they have not felt the full impact of the almost unimaginable barbarities that have been, and still are, inflicted on Communists, Socialists, and pacifists in Germany. But this is in itself rather astonishing. What has tempered the ruthlessness of the Totalitarian State in dealing with the resisting clergy?

It is difficult to answer this question in a few words. The crisis of Protestant Germany is much older than the National Socialist Revolution. Karl Barth had begun to exercise his wide, and still growing, influence in the early 'twenties. Kierkegaard's ruthless attack on secularism in the churches, although first launched in Denmark little less than a century ago, was beginning to rouse religious minds in Germany about the same time. The reaction against Schleiermacher, whose greatness is not denied even by his more uncompromising opponents, was gathering force.

The fight against secular religion and against secularism in the Church had begun, though for the time being it was the preoccupation of no more than a small number of theologians. It was the spiritual and physical triumph of National Socialism that made the conflict an open and national—indeed an international—issue.

National Socialism is itself a secular religion. It asserts spiritual as well as material domination over men; it denies the transcendental, but insists on what seems rather like a crude sort of immanentism. It was with prophetic insight that the so-called "Altona Pastors," who include the powerful preacher and theological writer, Asmussen, issued the eloquent manifesto in which they insisted on the irremediable imperfectibility of man, the hopeless arrogance of all attempts to establish the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, and the insoluble contradiction between all secular religions, amongst which they include both what they call "the cult of Lenin" and Christianity. This manifesto was drawn up shortly before the National Socialist Revolution. It is a warning against the religious claims that were soon to be made in the name of that Revolution. It is the first declaration of war, so to speak, in the open conflict between the Totalitarian State and the Confessional Church, though at that time the Confessional Church was not yet in existence. This manifesto is of fundamental importance in the struggle; its thesis remains that of the Confessional Church to the present day.

The conflict is quite distinct from the struggle between secular forces, whether purely political or religio-political—between National Socialism and Communism, for example. It is on an entirely different plane. Whether one regards that plane as higher or lower, or whether one attaches greater or less intrinsic importance to it, is a matter of individual, and probably irreconcilable, opinion. The Confessional clergy do not reject the temporal authority of the State, not even of the National Socialist State. They do not, as do the political enemies of the State, propose to promote its overthrow and to reverse the course taken by the German nation in 1933. Their demand is exclusively religious. It could be summed up in the slogan "Back to the Bible." It reaffirms the Reformation and, in the land of the Reformation, a land where Luther is a national hero (even in the eyes of those who do not see his essential message), such a slogan has very great power, a power that kindles some and leaves others puzzled, but can be deprecated only by those who are either honest freethinkers or cranks, like Ludendorff, who are trying to promote a romantic pseudo-paganism.

Open or even demonstrative obedience to the powers that be, as enjoined by St. Paul, and repudiation of all spiritual claims that are incompatible with the Christian faith, place the Confessional clergy in a category of their own. They compel respect not only amongst the growing number of those who share their actual belief, but also amongst those who have, for the first time, been made aware of their existence and can appreciate high principle upheld with unfaltering courage. They cannot be identified with "Bolshevism," "Judaism," or "International Pacifism," much as the German authorities would like to identify them with any or all of these. The attempt can only be made with the help of more misrepresentation than will convince even the mute, propaganda-sodden German public.

But what is the secular arm to do? To make martyrs of the Confessional clergy is dangerous—it has already been proved so. To try them in the grossly biassed "People's Courts" is to display not only their complete integrity (which would not trouble the authorities overmuch, for the integrity of many a Communist or Socialist has also been demonstrated by these courts), but also their obedience to State and Führer, on the one hand, and to the Christian religion, as proclaimed in the Gospel and re-emphasised by Luther, on the other. The German judge can only say like Pilate that he sees no fault in them, or, if he does not say it, he is exposed as an unjust judge.

He may respect the Communist who is brought before him for trial, but he cannot say that he sees no fault in him, because Communism is illegal, as any movement for the overthrow of the State is illegal.

The German attack on the Christian Churches—and not only on the Confessional Church, but on the Roman Catholic Church as well—is not direct, as in Russia or Spain. It is oblique, for the German State, unlike the Russian or the Spanish, does not profess anti-religion, or non-religion, or indifference in religion, but claims to be religious. Indeed, it pretends to be Christian and even patronises and promotes the sect known as the " German Christians," who preserve some of the outward forms of Christianity, though only as a concealment for an anti-Christian content.

The Confessional clergy are an object of great embarrassment to the State. The Jews are persecuted as Jews, the Communists as Communists, the pacifists as pacifists, and so on. But the Christians cannot be persecuted as Christians. This makes the persecution difficult. It goes on, nevertheless, and threatens to get worse. The aim of the Totalitarian State is to use its instruments the " German Christians " for weakening and corrupting the Protestant Church so as to establish the spiritual domination of National Socialist in unrivalled and unchallengeable strength over the entire German nation. This task would, of course, be quite easy if the Confessional clergy were not men of such courage, integrity, resourcefulness and faith. Nothing whatever can be proved against them save what is wholly consistent with orthodox Protestant teaching and therefore difficult to penalise in a country where Protestantism is ostensibly an official religion. But if the Confessional Church were not in the way, nothing could save German Protestantism from complete conquest at the hands of National Socialism.

The Confessional clergy are producing a religious literature that belongs to the finest of our time. They belong to a theological movement that is deeply affecting the religious thought of our day. When they preach, the churches are packed as they have not been for generations and—supreme embarrassment—there are officers in uniform and high Government officials amongst the dense congregations.

The State evidently hopes that by imprisoning the Confessional clergy, by deporting them, by suppressing their utterances, and by destroying the organisation of their Church, it can crush the entire movement. But the movement has taken a deep hold over innumerable laymen, and a younger generation of Confessional theologians is growing up that will carry on the struggle—" underground," if necessary, or " in the catacombs," as Karl Barth has expressed it.

Although the odds at first sight seem overwhelmingly in favour of the Totalitarian State with all the terrible means of coercion it has at its disposal, it is by no means impossible that the Confessional Church, which has grown stronger under persecution, even now will emerge victorious and prove to the world that the spirit of liberty is still powerful even in twentieth-century Europe.

SHORT TERM SUBSCRIPTIONS

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THE HARD CORE

For the first quarter of the present year the official British index of industrial production recorded a rise of 23 per cent. over the level reached in 1929, before the onset of the world slump. For the same period the official figures estimating the number of workers in employment showed a rise of rather less than 10 per cent. Unemployment, on the other hand, had risen from under 10½ per cent. in 1929 to over 12 per cent. in the first quarter of 1937. During the second quarter employment and production have further increased; and at the end of June the unemployment percentage was 10.3, representing a recorded total of 1,356,598 persons on the registers, exclusive of workers in agriculture and unregistered workers in other occupations.

In face of the constant news about rising prices and delayed deliveries, one is tempted to say that any worker who is now out of a job—unless he is merely passing through a brief spell of idleness while changing his job or owing to some fortuitous interruption of his employment—seems unlikely ever to be in one, except in war-time. Surely, if a man, or a woman, cannot find a job with things as they are, that man or woman cannot be worth employing. There must indeed be something physically or mentally wrong with persons who, with employers in many places calling out for additional labour, still remain unemployed for long spells, and cannot even get enough stamps on their cards to keep themselves in benefit under the unemployment insurance scheme.

It is plausible to argue in that way; but everyone knows that such an interpretation of the facts is radically untrue. There are, of course, unemployed workers—quite a number of them—who are out of jobs because, even under the existing conditions, they are not in their present availability and capacity for work worth to any employer the wages he would have to pay them. But it is nonsense to suggest that this is the main explanation of the high level of unemployment which still persists or that, even where men are not at present " worth employing " as instruments of profit-making, their disability is either irremediable or due to any personal defect of quality.

It has been the fashion of late to concentrate attention on what has come to be called the " hard core " of unemployment, and to regard this hard core as existing almost exclusively in certain depressed areas and in certain industries, notably coal-mining. There were still, at the end of June, nearly 170,000 coal miners registered as out of work, and of these over 100,000 were wholly out of work, and not merely " temporarily stopped." There were still, in March of this year, nearly 150,000 adult men in the Special Areas only who had had no employment at all for more than three months, and at least another 50,000 out of work who had had very little employment. It is, however, significant that of these 150,000 adult men not one in three was registered as a coal-miner, and that the majority belonged to a very miscellaneous range of industries and occupations, or to no definite occupation at all.

In the case of mining the published figures of unemployment by no means tell the whole story. For years past, every possible chance has been seized of transferring unemployed miners to other occupations. In the case of the younger men, this transference has quite often led to the man establishing himself firmly in another industry or service; but there are also many thousands of instances in which an unemployed miner has been found temporary work on the roads, and upon falling out of work again has been classified for evermore not as a miner but under the heading of " public works contracting." It is mainly for this reason that, no matter how many roads we build, unemployment in this group remains almost incredibly high. At the end of June, for example, it stood at well over 35 per cent., and accounted for more than 100,000 workers—to say nothing of a further 108,000 assigned to the building industry. Many of these unemployed workers are

really coal miners, who have been " transferred " out of the mining industry in the quite illusory hope that they could establish themselves securely elsewhere.

These men are still miners by training; and they have not been trained to any other trade. But in many cases they are no longer even potentially working miners. Many of them are old or ageing; many of them have been out of the pits for years. Since they were in regular work, the technique of coal-getting has changed so much that, even if they were taken on as miners, many of them would fail to keep their jobs for more than a few days. In place of pick and shovel, which they know, they would find complicated electrical machines, which they would not know how to work, and would not be allowed to work, for fear of expensive breakages. They would find a new pace and rhythm of labour, to which after their long absence they would be hard put to it to adapt themselves. These men, or many of them, are no longer miners, in any practical sense. Nor have they any other trade, except the desolate vocation of being unemployed.

But there are others among the hard core who are not old, and are not miners by training. In the Special Areas alone, there were in March 33,000 adult men, other than miners, who were between 18 and 34 years of age, and had had no work at all for more than three months. Over the whole country, well over 40 per cent. of the unemployed men, and well over 60 per cent. of the unemployed women, were under 35 years of age. Nearly 15 per cent. of the men, and about 30 per cent. of the women, were between 18 and 25. Doubtless these younger workers include a high proportion whose unemployment is of relatively short duration and frequency; but they include also a section, considerable enough to be of very real importance among the men, of " chronics "—that is, of young people who have grown up to manhood amid conditions of depression, and have consequently never been allowed the chance either of learning a regular trade or of forming habits of reasonable industry. Even in places where the demand for labour is abnormally high there remain young unfortunates of this type upon the unemployed register, side by side with elderly workers who cannot sufficiently adapt themselves to the hot pace of modern factory work. Sheffield has still nearly 14,000 adult men on its unemployed register, and Rotherham another 12,000. Newcastle and Gateshead have over 20,000, Sunderland 13,000, Middlesbrough and Stockton 12,000, and so on. Glasgow has 59,000, and Liverpool nearly 68,000.

Some authorities appear to have placidly concluded, from a study of recent trends, that we must now take the irreducible minimum of unemployment as not much below 10 per cent. for the country as a whole, unless it can be brought down a point or two further by more effective measures than have yet been taken towards the rehabilitation of the depressed areas. But this opinion seems to be based on little more than an assumption that what is must continue to be. Region by region, the level of unemployment already varies from 5 per cent. in the South-East and 6 per cent. in London, to 17 per cent. in the northern counties and nearly 21 per cent. in Wales. Ten per cent. is merely an average. Nor are these discrepancies by any means exclusively due to the position in the Special Areas, which include not much more than one-fifth of the total number of men out of work, and a substantially smaller proportion of the women.

While, therefore, it is abundantly necessary to press for more effective measures towards the revival of industry in the depressed areas, it is by no means true that, in view of the general recovery elsewhere, this is the only serious problem that remains. Hardly less serious, as regards the future, is the persistence of unemployment at a high level in areas whose industries have experienced a big recovery—areas in which employers are already complaining loudly of a shortage of suitable labour.

But this, it may be said, comes back to the very point which was denied earlier in this article—that, at any rate outside the Special Areas, the persistence of unemployment is mainly due to the personal deficiencies of the unemployed. Are no the remaining out-of-works made up chiefly of the " too-olds " and the feckless? The answer is that these are both relative terms. Whether a man is " too old " depends on what he is asked to do, on the pace set him, and on the degree of adaptation required. Whether a man is " feckless " depends very largely on the real chance he is given of becoming anything else. And, finally, the amount of work that can be found for the less skilled types of workers depends to a very great extent on the adequacy of the supply of more highly skilled labour.

Capitalism, however, will do nothing to adapt the work to the man. It asks the man to fit the job, and discards him if he fails to fit it. Capitalism will do nothing to help the " feckless " to become something different. It will merely thrust them forth as interfering with the efficient working of the team as a whole. And capitalism, in times of depression, will accept no responsibility for maintaining and training a supply of skilled workers adequate to the requirements of a revival in trade.

Apart from the vital problem of the depressed areas, with which we are not in this article attempting to deal, the three problems that most need facing are these. What is to be done with the less adaptable elderly workers? What can be done to turn the younger victims of depression into competent workmen? And what can be done to increase the supply of skilled labour? Clearly some of the older workers, especially in the depressed areas, should be pensioned off. But what of the rest? Surely something can be done to meet them half-way, by adapting the work to them instead of expecting them to do all the adaptation. Perhaps some of the young ne'er-do-wells are past hope. But not most of them. Surely a great deal more could be done to improve their physique and get them into better habits of industry. And finally, where shortage of skilled labour is restricting the employment of less skilled workers, something could be done both to extend and accelerate training, and to use the existing supply of skilled labour in a more economical way.

THE SECOND YEAR IN SPAIN

AFTER a year of civil war the oath-breaking generals must be disappointed. They never respected the common people. They never understood the social processes which they wished to stop. They therefore expected victory in a fortnight. Hitler and Mussolini fell into the same error. The whole Spanish civil war rests on a miscalculation. For actually, the Fascists have nursed their enemy to maturity and power. In this year a new Spanish nation has emerged. When I suggested to a Spanish leader in Valencia that the war was substituting nationalist cohesion for feudal particularism—the Andalusian, Asturian, Castilian and even Catalan is becoming a Spaniard—he said the same thing began to happen in 1808. Mussolini is completing the work of Napoleon. Russia and Spain defeated Bonaparte. They thereby resisted the French Revolution and their own future. Both countries have since sought to skip the nineteenth century by crushing their seventeenth century.

The civil war was born a class war. In its present phase it is a war between nations. But the loyalist nation is inspired by a social purpose and the opposing camp is Fascist. Thus the class issue has not disappeared. It has expanded. President Azaña, with whom I had a two-hour talk—it was a thrilling but unpublishable interview—thinks of himself as the standard-bearer of the Republic and the supreme exponent of the new nationalism. At the same time, however, he accepts and supports the Communists' economic programme. The Communists regard that programme as national. Indeed, all loyalist factions are agreed on the fundamental line of social development—anti-capitalism—so that I was able to ask a prominent Left bourgeois Republican why he did not join the Communist Party. For in outlining the policy of the

Left Republicans he had stressed the necessity and desirability of agrarian collectivisation and nationalisation of industry.

Actually, bourgeois generals and politicians and many peasants who appreciate the Communist Party's policy of protecting small property holders have joined its ranks. I think these people influence and are influenced. But essentially their new political affiliation reflects their despair of the old social system as well as a hope of salvaging one or two of its remnants. This common platform of the progressive bourgeoisie, the Socialists and the Communists, lends tremendous power to the new Negrin Government. Ideological bonds hold it together. The bourgeoisie knows that it is incapable of independent existence as a class. Its little parties are therefore the most weak and modest. It is no bar to the complete unity of all proletarian and peasant groups.

The obstruction lies rather in the moderation which the Government parties advocate for the present in the old Spanish dispute as to whether political organisations or Trade Unions should be the axis of political life and economic activity, and in regrettable personal and group rivalries. The " outs "—the Caballero Socialists and the Anarchists—would stimulate anti-capitalist tendencies to a point where they might easily damage the loyalist cause. This the Government will resist. The Caballero group moreover is now being enmeshed in a peculiar contradiction ; although its leadership is presumably Marxist and therefore in principle anti-Syndicalist it has lost control of the Socialist Party, but still holds on in the U.G.T. Trade Union federation. It sees its best chance of returning to power by forming a U.G.T.-C.N.T. coalition. The Anarchists, however, regard the C.N.T. not merely as a possible factor in a government but as a body whose individual Trade Union units are to operate factories, collective farms, hydro-electric power stations, mines, trolley-car companies, etc. The entire U.G.T. tradition is hostile to this economic form, and the elements which now compose the Government will have none of it. Syndicalist management became practically universal in loyalist Spain immediately after July, 1936. The result was often ruined industrial equipment, reduced output—to which however raw material scarcity also contributed—and peasant disaffection.

In recent months thousands of enterprises which ran themselves into bankruptcy, have petitioned the Government to intervene with financial assistance. Thus invited to become a receiver, the federal authorities intend in most instances to step in and take control. The Anarchist movement accordingly is being weakened not only by direct political and police repression, but also by these economic measures which broaden the scope of government economy and eliminate the syndicates from industry. Simultaneously the central authorities are increasing their economic prerogative by establishing export monopolies for various important products and by setting itself up as sole importer. For the national exchequer is the only source of gold and foreign currency wherewith purchases can be made abroad.

Negrin's firm hand has created order and greater productivity in the rear and put an end to the obnoxious Anarchist terror. But the Anarchists should be courted as well as squeezed for, notwithstanding the impurities of their membership, their political naivety and their indiscipline, they are a revolutionary movement of considerable though exaggerated strength, which can make a contribution to the new Spain. Under present conditions a danger lurks in the internal political situation—the Anarchists are being eliminated as an active factor. The Caballero Socialists, if they persist in their present tactics, may be outlawed within three months. There would remain the bourgeois Republicans, whose role is a minor one, the Communists and the Negrin-Prieto Socialists. The Communist Party is conducting an intense, unrelenting whirlwind campaign for the fusion of Communists and Socialists. If successful this would mean an enlarged organisation under Communist domination, even if it joined the Second International. But a Communist political monopoly or the monopoly of any party would threaten the democracy which exists to-day in Spain and can and should be maintained.

Through it all, much better economic and military organisation has been achieved in the last twelve months. The dislocation of economy is far less than one would expect in a civil war so murderous and prolonged ; in fact, in many ways life is much too normal and comfortable. Farm output is expected, thanks to the valiant efforts of the Minister of Agriculture, Vincent Uribe, to be 10 per cent. higher this year than in the last year of peace. A clever handling of the peseta, energetic mobilisation of domestic gold and foreign bond accumulations and a wise foreign trade policy make Valencia a financial Gibraltar. I suspect it even profited from the fall of the French franc. The country is not exhausted by the war. Some provinces, indeed, have felt it very little. Nor has the spirit tired. The nearer one gets to the front the more enthusiasm one encounters, and in Madrid and its environs there exists something which is sublime—suffering with dignity, perfect calm in the midst of ubiquitous danger, and a passion for victory.

LOUIS FISCHER

A LONDON DIARY

MY favourite London daily is passing into other hands, and I feel sad about it. In my trade, I beg pardon, profession, one must read newspapers. I read the *Times* because I miss something important if I don't ; the *Daily Herald*, to see what the big chiefs want the Labour Party to think ; the *News Chronicle*, to appraise the points of view of Opposition groups which are not contented with the Labour Party ; the *Daily Worker*, because it puts one on to things that other papers won't print and which are sometimes true ; the *Daily Telegraph*, because it very plainly shows the direction of responsible Conservative opinion, and the *Daily Express* and *Daily Mail*, because when there are irresponsible people in positions of responsibility it is wise to keep an eye on them. But the *Morning Post* I read in a different spirit. I enjoy it. It is so preposterously one-sided that it deceives no one. Its point of view has not governed England since the Duke of Wellington. But it is excellently written—its leading articles were for many years far the best journalism in any London daily paper—and it is salted with a pleasing humour and a sturdy independence which are quite incompatible with commercialism. The *Morning Post* has, in fact, the good as well as the bad qualities of an aristocracy ; it is not run by its advertisers and does not say what it thinks will please the largest number of people. And that, I suppose, is why it is changing hands. These are qualities too rare for twentieth-century England. If it had to fall into the insatiable maw of one of the big trusts, I'm glad it is to Camrose rather than to Rothermere or Beaverbrook. But I hope this is not a prelude to the decease of London's oldest and most independent daily. The *Daily Telegraph* is all very well but I like a paper which mixes some pepper in its cotton wool.

* * *

There is a good deal of misunderstanding about the Labour Party's attitude to the Arms Estimates. Since it is neither a revolutionary nor an out-and-out pacifist party (the few M.P.s who fall into either category vote against the Estimates anyway), its decision to vote against or to abstain is a tactical decision. How convey to the country that the Opposition disbelieves in rearmament as a way of keeping peace and detests the Government's lack of any other foreign policy except a complacency towards Fascist advance ? Last year the need for this protest was felt so strongly that the Party decided by a narrow majority to vote against. This year, Dr. Dalton, who was in a small minority on the subject in the Parliamentary Executive, pulled the Parliamentary Party round to a decision to abstain. Dr. Dalton seems to have argued that " symbolic " abstention is more convincing than " symbolic " opposition. I don't quite see why, myself. To vote against implies that the Party is not to be intimidated by the taunt that it is unpatriotic, that it really does oppose the Government's foreign policy tooth and

nail, and is not prepared to line up for any old war the Government may get us into. No doubt this attitude takes a lot of getting across electorally. But for myself I would rather explain opposition on a platform than abstention, which sounds as if the Party could not make up its mind, as if it were glad to wound but afraid to strike. In the debate itself I was glad to notice in several Liberal and Labour speeches a growing demand for the development of what is called "non-menacing" defences, i.e., for expenditure on better anti-aircraft guns and food storage instead of on bigger and faster bombers.

* * *

My friend X, who has been living in Peking, is just back in England. He caught the last train before war preparation cut the Peking-Tientsin line. His concern is for the millions of Chinese peasants whose sufferings, he says, are callously overlooked both by the rulers, politicians and soldiers of China and by the bargaining Powers outside China. Because there are so many of them and because their skins are yellow and because they are so poor, diplomacy and politics take little account of them. He has the impression from travelling about North China that they are nevertheless human and individuals. War, he says, will inevitably upset the precarious economic balance which enables forty millions or so in the Northern Provinces to exist above the border-line of starvation. Quite apart from any who may be killed in the fighting, ten millions or so will starve to death if there is war. He thinks that China should go on preparing and getting stronger in the South and not resist in the North. Then as Japan advances without resistance her position will become more vulnerable and at some point in the future the Chinese will be in a much better position for bargaining. That may well be what Marshal Chiang would like, but the internal pressure of Chinese nationalism, growing every day in response to Japanese bullying, will not let him retreat or temporise with Japan much further.

* * *

X, by the way, fully confirms all that we have been told recently about the Japanese drug trade in China. The Japanese are to-day doing exactly what we in England like to forget we did in the Opium wars in the middle of the last century. Because the most remunerative way of exploiting the Chinese market is by selling dope and because the Chinese Government is too weak to resist, we bullied it into allowing our merchants to sell opium. The Japanese are now doing the same thing with heroin. Some people think that they are deliberately undermining the character and physique of the younger generation in China in order to facilitate its conquest. X doubts this political motive; the Japanese, after all, want coolie labour—they are reputed to be kidnapping Chinese for work in Manchuria—and drug addicts are no use as labourers. The simple explanation is the probable one: that drugs are the quickest means of money-making and that the Japanese officials everywhere get a "squeeze" for themselves out of not interfering with the dope merchants.

* * *

Whatever the motive the facts are indisputable. X tells me that he used to watch a Korean, a Japanese subject, peddling heroin every day in a street in Peking. He was twice arrested by the Chinese police, who of course, by the rules of extra-territoriality, had to take him to the Japanese Consul, who promptly released him for "lack of evidence." It was no use arresting him again, so he went on openly selling heroin to young men and women in the street. Another experienced traveller in China recently described to me the exasperating behaviour of Japanese merchants; knowing that the Chinese dare do nothing to them, they will fill up a railway carriage with their bales of merchandise and compel everyone else to stand in the corridors. I have seen an illuminating photograph of this: it was taken by an Englishman whose daughters had to make way for great bales of Japanese goods that were piled between the seats; as there was no longer room for their legs they had to complete their journey with their feet on the seats and their chins resting on their knees. If that is the way the Japanese will treat English women, the humiliations of the Chinese are easy to imagine. Nevertheless I expect X is right and that the longer the Chinese avoid war the better chance they have of salvation in the long run.

* * *

Looking through the programme of the Liberal Summer School which opens at Cambridge this week I wondered at first why it was so very attractive—so much more attractive than I have usually found it in the past and so much more attractive than the programme of most summer schools. A galaxy of talent—Wickham Steed on Czechoslovakia, Admiral Richmond on the strategical position of the British Empire, Sir Ernest Simon and Maurice Dobb on Moscow and Communism, Professor Langevin on the Popular Front, a German on National Socialism, Sir Walter Layton on the press, Harold Nicolson, John Hilton, Ramsay Muir, Lord Allen and Dr. Bonn on various aspects of democracy. At this point I realised the cause of the attraction. There is nothing here to do with party politics, and nothing here about the Spanish war that is driving so many people into dithering misery. In short, the Liberals, having no fear of office, can afford to be cultured people discussing ideas and principles. I envy them. When I can forget I get happy, and then I'm a Liberal myself.

* * *

Most of us, I suppose, have chuckled at the quotation in Lytton Strachey's *Queen Victoria* from the Queen's diary of her life in the Highlands in which she speaks of "conversing with the Highlanders—with whom one comes so much in contact in the Highlands." But the Queen was really more observant than some other visitors in discovering that Highlanders exist. A large number of English people still think of the Highlands as if they were inhabited only by grouse, deer and a few tame gillies. For that reason I particularly welcome the excellent documentary film which the *March of Time* is now putting out about the Highlands. It is always easy to get good scenic photography and not difficult to get a Minister to say a few words, as Mr. Walter Elliot does for this film. But in his two or three sentences, Elliot does convey something of the genuine concern that I know he feels about the position of the Scottish crofters and fishermen, and the ten-minute film is really remarkable for the impression it conveys of Scotland as a distressed area of a peculiar kind. The film shows the original crime of clearing the glens for sheep and the more recent substitution of deer and grouse for the sheep. It might have added that now in many places bracken is driving out both sheep and grouse. The trouble to-day is not unemployment, but the extremely low standard of living due to the decline of farming and the destruction of the old-fashioned in-shore fishing by the competition of the steam trawler. You see in this film the crofters still grinding their corn between stones, and fishing ports tumbling into ruins. You also see the beginning of new industries. I hear that this film is already popular in Scotland. That one may take for granted. The question is whether English indifference can be overcome.

* * *

I was set this problem the other day. It comes, I find, from the *Reader's Digest* for August. It is not very difficult. I expect I like it merely because I solved it. I never remember solving a problem before.

> To solve this test of reasoning power, you must first make the preposterous assumption that black men *always* lie, and white men *always* tell the truth. At twilight you are rowing towards a shore, on which you see, very indistinctly, three men. You shout to them: "Are you white or black?" A man answers, but his words are blown away in the wind. A second man cries: "He says he's white and he is white, and so am I." The third man cries: "He's black but I am white." What is the colour of each of the three men?

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Cornelius C. Bunn.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

Speaking as a total abstainer, Lady Montgomery-Massingberd said it would help a great deal if people who did not care for alcoholic drink would "take the pledge."

"Those of you who go to sherry parties and cocktail parties," she added, "finish what is in your glasses. Do not let it go away to be drunk in the pantry by somebody who, perhaps, has not taken it before, or has not acquired the taste."—*Lincolnshire Echo.*

Drinking beer out of a baby's bottle—as a competition—was barred last night at a dance—by the Mayor of Ilford, Essex. The idea was to fill a baby's bottle with beer—and the winner was the adult who could drink it first.

Alderman H. Billington, the mayor, said last night: "I was horrified to think that such a thing could take place in Ilford—and in one of our public halls. I instructed the town clerk to direct the caretaker to see that it was not carried out. My informant was my chaplain, the Rev. Bernard Cockett, who was quite as horrified."

Mr. Cockett said: "It is so unseemly, childish, and utterly undignified. No one with any sense would want to drink beer out of a baby's bottle. If milk were substituted there would be no objection, but even then it would be an insult to motherhood."—*Sunday Dispatch.*

NOVELTY FOR CHURCH FETE

A room filled with tear gas, in which parishioners were invited to test gas masks was one of the features at a church fete at Chartham. —*East Kent Gazette.*

Although cavalry soldiers are now driving armoured cars instead of riding horses, they are still being provided with spurs, clasp knives for removing stones from horses' hooves, and riding breeches.—*South Wales Echo.*

Talk of depression was not reflected at British film studios which I visited at the week-end. At Denham I found Union Jacks flying from every pole, and Alexander Korda, Zoltan Korda, Gunther Stapenhorst, Hans Schwartz, Thornton Freeland, and the successful English director, Victor Saville, all working on new productions.—*Daily Telegraph.*

Manners—even toothbrush-using—depend on morals, in a wide sense: on belief in the incarnation of Christ and in the fellowship of His Church.—*Keighley Church Magazine.*

Mr. Walter Elliot (Secretary for Scotland) caused some surprise when discussing the suggestion that surplus herrings should be made available to the poor at prices lower than those charged in the shops by saying: There was nothing the unemployed would resent more than being used as a dumping ground for food products. —*News Chronicle.*

WAR RESISTERS IN CONFERENCE

REALLY the Scandinavian countries deserve more praise than they are in the habit of receiving. It is not merely that their cities are spacious, their houses beautiful, their streets safe, albeit full of bicycles, and that their kindly peoples, obliged by paucity of numbers to learn some language other than their own, have for the most part considerately chosen English; it is not that their figures for crime and disease are low, their poverty so negligible that Stockholm is a city without slums and you can walk for a day through the pleasant streets of Copenhagen without seeing an ill-clad or an ill-nourished person; it is not even the comparative absence of policemen and the lack of licensing regulations in Copenhagen—more remarkable than any of these things is their delectable attitude to international politics.

Here is the War Resisters' International meeting in Copenhagen. The opinions of this body are extreme in the extreme. Formed sixteen years ago to resist war of any and every kind and for any and every purpose, its members go regularly to prison in all the countries of Europe because of their refusal to be conscribed. (It has 425 members in the prisons of Europe at the present moment, for whose release it makes unremitting exertions.) There is scarcely any capital in Europe which would be willing to give its triennial Conference a home, yet the Danes welcome its president, Lansbury, and its chairman, Ponsonby, with cheers at the station, print their photographs on the front pages of their newspapers, broadcast their speeches and lend the International their Houses of Parliament for its inaugural session, after which the Mayor of Copenhagen, not to be outdone in the matter of hospitality to pacifists by the Government authorities, invites the delegates, some 250 strong, and representing 21 different nations, to the Town Hall, to partake, in the company of the Danish Minister for Foreign Affairs, of what was called "high tea," but was in fact a mammoth meal in which every kind of Danish speciality, from prawns on tongue to cream-filled pancakes, competed for the attention of the curious and delighted feeder. Imagine the members of Dick Sheppard's Peace Army holding a session in the House of Commons and dining at the Guildhall!

It was a curious experience to sit in the Danish seat of government and listen to Ponsonby's inaugural speech. It was not so much the novelty of the opinions as their setting that caught one's attention. That to rely on force is always a mistake; that the way to achieve security is to disarm; that changes effected by violence only sow the seeds of future conflicts; that small armaments are worse than useless—so they are for small nations without empires to excite the cupidity of enemies abroad or traditions to sustain the belligerence of Blimps at home—that the Fascism of to-day cannot be cured by force any more than the German militarism of twenty years ago was cured by force, and that it is, therefore, the duty of all those who care for peace to refuse to countenance by any action of theirs preparations for wars, however "righteous"—all these sentiments are familiar enough, but I doubt whether they have ever before been officially broadcast from the seat of government of a European nation.

And yet the pacifist sympathies of the Scandinavian countries are understandable enough. Their fear of aggression is very real—a Danish student, just back from Germany, told me of a map of Jutland he had seen on the wall of a German lecture room with a large area, nearly two-thirds of the whole, shaded to indicate German occupation—and they know that, so far from resisting, they could not even delay the armies of possible aggressors. What more natural than that they should look with favour upon pacifists preaching disarmament to their neighbours, and assuring them that only in disarmament will they find safety for themselves? Those who are not in a position to resist will not be difficult to persuade of the virtues of non-resistance.

It was, indeed, a pathetic and moving experience to notice how, as speaker after speaker rose to bring the greetings of some fraternal body—the International Anti-Militarist Bureau, the International Voluntary Service, the World Alliance for Promoting International Friendship through the Churches, the International Fellowship of Reconciliation, and so on—it was almost always from Holland or Switzerland or Sweden or Norway or Denmark that they came, never from Germany and Italy, never from Russia—there were no delegates from any of these countries—and all too rarely from France. I was proud, though, of the number of English delegates. Thus of the four languages into which each speech was laboriously translated—German, French and English, and, by courtesy to our hosts, Danish—two were scarcely ever used by the speakers themselves.

The delegates, for the most part, were young—the age average at this Conference must be lower than at any that I have attended—and they brought with them the suggestion of tramping, open neck and open air that characterised the

Wandervogel in its best days. A party from England which had walked right across Denmark in order to attend the Conference won my especial admiration.

It may be asked whether any suggestion of substance for the prevention of the war that overhangs Europe emerged from this gathering of enthusiastic pacifists. There was, I think, one which bears significantly upon the position of the Scandinavian countries *vis-à-vis* the rest of Europe. The theme of the Conference was largely set by Lansbury's recent visits. Both Hitler and Mussolini apparently told him that they would attend a world conference to discuss a world settlement, not excluding Spain, providing that it was properly called, and the ground adequately prepared. To bring the dictators round a table to state grievances and discuss ways and means of settling them would on any reckoning be a good move, apart altogether from the new avenue it might open to appeasement in Spain. But what does "properly called" mean? Where are the authority and the goodwill to call such a conference with any prospect of success? Not, it would seem, in the League. Upon this unfortunate institution a continuous stream of criticism was directed. The League, we were told, requires to be democratised and to be strengthened as an instrument of reconciliation, but it must exorcise the spectre of force in its background. You cannot, we were warned, check aggression by force, a lesson which the Abyssinian fiasco is thought only too clearly to have shown. Moreover, at the mere suggestion of a conference called under the auspices of the League, up the backs of Hitler and Mussolini would automatically go.

America? But though he would attend such a conference, Roosevelt is said to have told Lansbury that he would not take the initiative in calling it.

Great Britain? The small nations are apparently looking to us for a lead. But apart from the fact that a conference called under British auspices would almost certainly provoke the same suspicions and hostilities on the part of the hungry nations as a League conference—does anybody in Italy or Germany really believe that we seriously intend to remove economic grievances at the expense of Imperial sovereignty?—the present Government would not countenance the idea for a moment. It is only a few months ago that Mr. Baldwin received a deputation urging the Government to set up a commission to consider such questions as access to raw materials, lowering of tariffs, abolition of quotas and the rest, with a complete *non possumus*. Indeed, the objection to any conference called by a major Power or a group of major Powers to-day is that the parade of publicly burying hatchets has come to be regarded, with only too much reason, as a method of diverting attention from the private grinding of axes. And so the suggestion that emerges is that the initiative should be taken by the smaller Powers, and in particular by the Scandinavian signatories to the Oslo agreement. In their case alone there would be a reasonable presumption that their initiative was prompted by no motive save the ostensible motive of preventing war and safeguarding peace. The suggestion will, I dare say, seem fantastic enough on returning to England. In Copenhagen it is a natural tribute to the sanity of the political atmosphere.

C. E. M. JOAD

LONDON PRIDE

IT was with anticipations of considerable enjoyment that I opened a new booklet, entitled *The Poets of Peckham*; and, as I read, I was not disappointed. It is described as "a collection of democratic poems and pieces mainly about South London," and on the paper cover, the compiler, Mr. William Margrie, quotes the inspiring sentence: "I have a passionate desire to give Peckham an immortal dignity." He may rest assured that by those who read his little book Peckham will not soon be forgotten.

His vision of Peckham as a capital of civilisation would have pleased G. K. Chesterton. "In every creative age," he writes, "some particular city or district radiates culture to all parts of the earth. Once it was Athens, later it was Rome, and later still Oxford. In the near future it may be Peckham." And he goes on:

> Arise, proud Peckham, and lead the world.
> Tell all the nations that Art's not dead.
> Away with bloody strife and futile wars—
> Emulate the gods, not brutes and beasts.

That is certainly the spirit in which to set about the business. A greater Peckham shall arise only if the poets of Peckham believe in Peckham. And the poets of Peckham obviously do.

To Mr. Margrie himself they look up as the leader of the great renaissance, if we may judge from Mr. Charles R. Thrugg's "Ode to Margrie," which begins:

> Happy Margrie, who can be
> In learnedness compared with thee?
> Drenched with Lyons' tea divine
> From dawn to dusk thy only wine!
> Ladies wait upon thy will
> And thy steaming cup do fill.
> Thou dost drink and talk and sing
> Happier than old Cole the King.

Truly, Socrates never enjoyed such symposia at Athens as Mr. Margrie enjoys in Peckham.

The same poet addresses a further ode to Mr. Margrie, calling him on this occasion "great Bill Margr*ee*":

> Great Bill Margr*ee*, with laurels green,
> Of modest mind and brow serene,
> From thee arise renascent schemes,
> Oh Sage of tannin-tinctured dreams.

It is clear that tea is the inspiration of the Peckham school of poetry. And, if I myself belonged to the group, I should suggest as a first step in the new renaissance the compilation of an anthology of English verse revised to suit the lives of tea-drinkers. Thus Ben Jonson's lines could be modernised into:

> But leave a kiss within the cup,
> And I'll not ask for tea.

And Robert Burns's lyric could begin:

> Go fetch to me a pot of tea.

Even the ancient classics could be improved by being tanninised. Homer's "wine-coloured sea" would become the "tea-coloured sea," and, in doing so, would become still truer to nature. And who can deny that "Look not upon the tea when it is red" is at least as intelligent a piece of advice as the Biblical: "Look not upon the wine when it is red."

Still, the poets of Peckham, I imagine, prefer to write their own poetry. Their eyes are turned on the present and the future rather than on the past, and, with Tannin as their Muse, they see more romance in a Lyons tea-shop than in the shores of Troy. In the poem called "The Lady of Lyons," Helen is reborn as a Nippy:

> Was this the tongue that launched a thousand quips?
> Was this the face that wore a smile all day?
> Was this the hand that served up fish and chips?
> Was this the voice that cheered me on my way?
> Then, Sweet Nippy, make me immortal with a kiss.

I think it was Mr. T. S. Eliot who once suggested that the rhythm of the motor-engine would probably affect the rhythm of the poetry of the future. It seems to me that, in Peckham at least, the rhythm of the poetry of the future is less likely to be affected by innovations in the machinery of speed than by the great wave of tea-drinking that is sweeping over the world.

Reading the work of the Peckham poets, I begin to feel ashamed that I know so little of their gracious suburb. So far as I know, I have never been in Peckham except as a passenger in a tram or other vehicle. But even "Passing Through Peckham" sounds like the title of a good poem. The next time I find myself in Peckham I will get off the tram, especially if it is on a Saturday night. What a spectacle must then greet the eye of the traveller, if we can trust the author of the poem called "Rye Lane," which begins:

> The Pilgrims of Peckham surging forth in their might
> To Camberwell's Mecca on Saturday night.

It is obviously a suburb to be passionately loved. Burns wrote: "My heart's in the Highlands." Mr. Margrie writes: "My heart's in Peckham." "Peckham is my America," he declares, "my earthly paradise. Never mind about the mean streets of Peckham, I was born there and that's enough for me." It is a boast worthy of Whitman.

Lest it should be thought that the poets of Peckham are narrow in their interests and affections, however, I should like to emphasise the fact that their attitude to neighbouring suburbs is not only friendly but generous. They never forget that, though they are Peckhamists, they are also Londoners. Camberwell itself has never produced a poet who celebrated the greatness of Camberwell as one of the Peckham poets has done. He writes:

> It's a glorious slogan,
> Let them deny it who can,
> To say to the wondering world,
> "I am a Camberwell man."

Dulwich, too, comes in for its share of praise, and honour is paid to Lambeth, especially to Morley College:

> Pride of Lambeth;
> Future's hope;
> Oxford's rival;
> Plato's heir;
> Eva's triumphant child.

As for Bermondsey, has anyone ever written anything finer about it than: "Bermondsey contains more interesting smells than any other metropolitan borough"? Ortheris in India used to sigh longingly for the smells of London. He would have agreed with the Peckham poet who writes:

> The smells, the smells, the lovely southern smells,
> Fresh as new-mown hay, sweet as wedding bells.

How his mouth would have watered as he read on about the smells of Bermondsey: "They include the smells of spice, skins, jam, marmalade, biscuits, chocolate and scented soap"! It makes one think of Bacon's description of the ideal garden.

This broad appreciation of all parts of London was, of course, only to be expected of Mr. Margrie, who, as everybody knows, is President of the L.E.C. (London Explorers' Club). The badge of the club is London Pride, and the slogan is, not "Know your Peckham," but "Know your London." It appears from one of the poems that the members of the club take coach trips all round London and are thoroughly appreciative of everything they see. A characteristic couplet runs:

> We sped along the Old Kent Road,
> And raised a cheer at Trafalgar Road.

I should like to have heard that cheer, and I should like this kind of thing to happen oftener. How much pleasanter a city London would be if charabanc-loads of its citizens were constantly passing through its streets and if, when they came, say, to Goodge Street, somebody called out "Three cheers for Goodge Street," and the company responded with a will! I doubt whether Goodge Street has ever been cheered in the course of its history: yet that would not be so, if we Londoners, native and immigrant, loved London as it deserves to be loved. I hope that a time will come when, under Mr. Magrie's inspiration it will be a common thing to see passengers on the roofs of buses rising to their feet and taking off their hats and cheering Euston Road, St. Pancras Station, St. Martin's Lane, Ladbroke Grove, and other bits of London still unhonoured and unsung.

The great thing to hope for is that the fire that has been lit in Peckham will spread, till there is not a suburb without its nest of singing birds. Why should Pimlico be left uncelebrated except in that one enchanting song, the chorus of which begins: "Oh Flo of Pimlico"? Is Vauxhall Bridge Road not different from all other roads? Have those of us who have dwelt there no memories worthy of enshrinement in immortal verse? Then there is Belgravia, nobly defended by W. S. Gilbert and referred to in a limerick, but otherwise neglected by the poets. Chelsea has been the home of many poets, but the theme of how few! I have dined with poets in Chiswick, but none of them has ever sung its praises. There are said to be more poets to the acre in Bloomsbury than in any other part of the British Commonwealth, yet the only reference to Bloomsbury in verse that I know is in an old music-hall song. What have the schoolmasters been doing that from Highgate to Hoxton, from Cricklewood to Clapham, the poets are silent about the glories of the suburbs in which they dwell? Once, when one of the most famous of living poets was giving evidence in a law-case, I saw in an evening paper a heading which ran: "Cricklewood Poet Gives Evidence." But this meant only that the poet lived in Cricklewood, not that he wrote about it. In vain will you search his works for a poem beginning with some such tender line as:

> Sweet Cricklewood, loveliest village of the plain!

This seems to me to be wrong. If you live in Cricklewood you should feel the poetry of Cricklewood and write it. That, I think, is the moral of Mr. Margrie's compilation. He has enhanced the glories of Peckham in song. Bards of Cricklewood and Upper Tooting, please copy.

Y. Y.

Correspondence

AFTER NON-INTERVENTION—WHAT?

SIR,—For more than a year the British and French Governments have attempted to make "non-intervention" effective. That means that they have tried to persuade Germany and Italy to cease from waging a war of aggression against Spain by supplying the rebels with arms, money and men, in return for the Western Powers and the U.S.S.R. depriving the Spanish Government of its right to buy arms.

This policy has throughout been defended on the ground that the only way to preserve peace is to scrap international law and the Covenant. In that respect it is exactly similar to the policy pursued by Great Britain and France in the Far East and towards Abyssinia. In the former case this policy has meant that the Covenant-breaking little wars we tolerated have brought us nearer a great war. Disregarding international law and the Covenant, so far from preventing a great war, has proved to be a process of *incubating* the next world war.

Disregarding Fascist aggression in Spain under the guise of "non-intervention" has carried that process a long stage further. It will soon be impossible to keep up the farce of even pretending that "non-intervention" has ever been observed or is in the least likely to be observed. When the collapse of "non-intervention" is officially recognised, we shall be faced by the following situation:

1. Mussolini began his instigation of the Spanish rebels in the belief that they would have a walk over. He was encouraged by Franco-British acceptance of "non-intervention" under Fascist threats to believe he could safely send the rebels as much war materials as they needed.

2. He was encouraged by the Anglo-Italian "Gentlemen's Agreement" to pour as big an army into Spain as he thought was needed for a rebel victory, and to recognise Franco.

3. He has now gone so far and the prestige of his regime is so deeply engaged that he cannot accept defeat at the hands of Spain alone. He has been led to believe by the events of the last year that France will not dare alone to resist an Italian conquest of Spain, and that our "National" Government would prefer an Italian conquest of Spain to a victory for the Spanish Government, which would lead in their view to Spain becoming at least semi-Socialist.

4. It is already clear that Franco cannot win without at least another 200,000 or 300,000 Italian troops—i.e., without an open war of conquest by Italy. The alternative to acceptance of defeat will therefore soon be the despatch of several army corps to Spain.

5. The French Government and the French General Staff are not prepared to acquiesce in an Italian conquest of Spain because of the effect on French national security. The least they will do if non-intervention fails is to raise the embargo on the frontier and allow the Spanish Government to import war materials through French territory. In all probability they will seek constitutional warrant for this course by bringing the matter before the League as a case of external aggression against the

territorial integrity and political independence of Spain in contravention of Article 10 of the Covenant.

In these circumstances two courses are open to the British Government; the one is to continue to disregard international law and the Covenant, to treat the Spanish Government and the rebels on the same footing, and to act as the dishonest broker between the Fascist powers and France.

There are disquieting signs that this is in fact the policy the Government are going to pursue. It is stated that they are preparing to put pressure on the French not to bring the matter before the League, not to raise the embargo on the frontier, and if they do, to recognise Franco as a belligerent by way of "compensation" to the Fascist powers. On those lines an Anglo-French break is almost inevitable, and the maximum encouragement will be given to Mussolini to embark on a big war for the conquest of Spain and to threaten France with war if they help the Spanish Government.

The alternative policy is to realise that the collapse of "non-intervention" *ipso facto* means the recognition that all attempts to induce Germany and Italy to cease their war of aggression against Spain have failed, and that Franco, so far from being entitled to the status of a belligerent, is not even an insurgent but merely the hireling tool of foreign invaders. That in turn means basing our policy on respect for international law and the Covenant, by bringing the matter before the Council of the League and submitting the following proposal: That the Council of the League should recommend to France, Great Britain and the Soviet Union to take the lead in organising jointly the supply of arms and aeroplanes to the Spanish Government, in pursuance of the duty of all the Members of the League under Article 10 of the Covenant to preserve the territorial integrity and political independence of Spain against external aggression.

If these three great Powers act jointly and take their stand on the Covenant in supplying arms to the Spanish Government it is extremely improbable that Germany and Italy will attack them (they have not attacked Russia for supplying arms single-handed), and well-nigh certain that they will not embark on the incalculable adventure of endeavouring to conquer Spain in the teeth of such opposition. But if non-intervention is followed by our "National" Government recognising Franco and trying to blackmail the French by threatening to leave them in the lurch if they stand by the Spanish Government, the result will in all probability be an Italo-French war quickly swelling into a world war.

DIPLOMATIC OBSERVER

THE BLOCKADE OF SPAIN

SIR,—May I bring up to date my summary on July 3rd of the situation in Santander as affecting the refugee question.

Since that date, the blockade, then only "contemplated" by the insurgents but made the excuse for strong Admiralty warnings to British ships not to enter territorial waters, has materialised, no doubt encouraged by the complacent attitude of the British authorities. Four British ships have been captured, the first capture being greeted by "Ministerial cheers and laughter" in Parliament. Several British, French and Spanish ships have successfully run the blockade. But the evacuation of refugees has been brought almost to an end. The protection promised by the Government to refugee ships has been reduced to a nullity by the refusal to prevent firing from outside upon ships inside territorial waters. The illogical distinction has been established that though the insurgents will be "held responsible" if they sink a British ship, no objection will be taken if they merely fire across her bows as a warning that she will be sunk unless she capitulates.

But the most significant fact has been the attitude of the First Lord of the Admiralty, as revealed by his replies to Parliamentary questions and by his speech on July 22nd. It has been that of a counsel for the defence of the insurgents. The intense reluctance with which he carries out even the limited protection still afforded can be judged by his note of hostility towards merchant ships which dare the blockade, by his declarations that to remove women and children from a beleaguered garrison is to render it "military assistance," and by his contemptuous reference to "a cause which not one man in this country off those benches thinks worth fighting for."

The significance of all this is not diminished by Mr. Eden's subsequent denial that the assistance so far given to the evacuating of refugees has been a breach of non-intervention. Now that Parliamentary backs are safely turned and Ministers free from troublesome questionings, the spirit shown by Mr. Duff Cooper will no doubt have even freer play. The National Council of Labour is probably right in thinking that the recognition of belligerent rights meant the next step, even if withdrawal of "volunteers" is not at first even promised.

Against this and other concessions to the Fascist Powers the only defence will now be the vigilance of the public in this and other countries.

Organisations of British seamen ought to have something to say on the more limited question of the protection of British ships engaged in the humane task of carrying food to and refugees from towns which would never have been in their present position were it not for the success of "Non-Intervention" in depriving them of the means of self-defence and its failure to deprive their enemies of the instruments of attack.

ELEANOR F. RATHBONE

THE BRITISH PAVILION IN PARIS

SIR,—Have you seen—has anyone told you at first hand about—this British Pavilion in the Paris Exhibition? Amazing!

The Exhibition as a whole is, I presume, the most impressive show of its kind ever produced. It is superbly placed, sweeping six of the bridges in the heart of Paris into its enormous area. Of course it contains lots of vulgar vainglorious stuff; but it does contain so much of beauty and daring and invention as to enlarge one's conception of the varied potentialities of the earth's peoples. The French exhibit, for instance, includes what must be about the finest show of French art ever assembled. The Jugo-Slav building, designed to suggest the country's wealth of timber and minerals, is a triumph of exhibition technique. The huge German hall conveys in heavy Teutonic fashion something of the achievement of German science and planning. The Russian temple, dominated by the gods Lenin and Stalin, conveys a tremendous impression of the significance of the Revolution and the liberated power of the Russian peoples. And so on. And then Britannia.

The building is the least interesting in shape in the whole Exhibition: just a bare box. Over the roadway by the door hangs a flat representation of the royal arms, thin, with no back to it, unrelated. Inside the door, on the right, is a large glass case containing a life-size tailor's model of a supercilious lady on a horse, in hunting costume. Two gents, even more supercilious, stand by in hunting pink; and there is a boy in clothes suitable for a hunting scene. The inscription on this composition reads: "The sport of hunting flourishes in Great Britain to-day to the same extent and with the same traditional ceremony as 100 years ago."

On the left of the door a similar glass case contains a lady sitting on a shooting stick and some men with guns, all looking too bored to live. The inscription is "Shooting. Pheasant, partridge, grouse and innumerable other game birds abound in Great Britain where the sport of shooting is a social institution." Beyond this there is a case containing a Duchess in Coronation robes, and one with race-goers: two women wrapped—one cannot say dressed—in a cheap cotton fabric of Indian (?) design, labelled "Country House"; two fashion-plate men labelled "Town House"; and a group dressed in fashion-plate style for tennis.

On the right, Huntin': on the left, Shootin': in front of the visitor, Fishin'. Mr. Neville Chamberlain himself is exhibited, in giant photograph, fishin'.

Exposed in front of him is a wide array of racquets, polo mallets, sporting guns—all the apparatus for shooting the game birds and smiting the balls which abound in Great Britain. The effect is stunning. Especially if one has just been looking at the Russia of Stalin, or the France of Cezanne and Jean Fouquet, France of the renewed C.G.T. and the 40-Hour Week.

People came out muttering "My God, these English."

There are other exhibits in the pavilion, of course: smartly turned-out silverware, some competent glassware, some fairly good pots, admirable printing. But these haven't a chance after the grand coup d'oeil, Huntin', Shootin', Fishin'.

Last winter, I was passing at dusk below the window of an American College dormitory when I heard an English voice from home—the over-polished voice of an announcer reading the news. All about royal shows and sporting events. I stopped there in the snow, struck by the terrifying question—"Is it possible that the English really are like that?"

The British Pavilion in Paris achieves the same effect.

X. Y. Z.

JEW AND ARAB IN PALESTINE

SIR,—In your Comments of last week about the Parliamentary Debates on the Palestine Report, you suggest that it is "sheer

delusion to suppose that the Arabs are prepared for peaceful co-operation with the Jews." In the same number you publish a letter from Mr. Jamaal Husseini, the leader of the Arab Palestine Delegation in London, which shows a welcome desire for understanding with the Jews. The two peoples should live together in an undivided and independent Palestine. That alternative to partition must surely be explored by all who seek the peace of Jerusalem.

It may seem strange that the Arabs, who have been so implacably and violently hostile to the Jews, should now be prepared to discuss an understanding with them. But as the *Times* Correspondent in Jerusalem observed after the Debate in Parliament, the Report of the Royal Commission has ploughed deeply in the minds of some Arabs and Jews, and prepared the ground for sowing the seeds of conciliation. The two peoples are opposed to partition, and are coming to realise that as there must be peace, whether in a divided or an integral Palestine, if independence is not to be a prelude to disaster, an effort should be made to obtain it in the integral Palestine which they both love. The maxim, "Divide et placa," may work more quickly than the Commission dreamed: if you wish for union, prepare for division.

On the Jewish side, too, there is a growing demand for an effort at understanding. It would be too much to ask the Jewish people to throw in their lot straightway with an independent Arab State. But what is to be hoped is an agreement that the Mandate for Palestine should come to an end after five years if by that time the peoples show themselves fitted for complete self-government; and that the Mandatory control might be immediately reduced, and Jews and Arabs enjoy autonomy, possibly in separate cantons. There would remain the question of immigration during the probationary period, while the relations between the two peoples were being readjusted; some modus would have to be found to meet at once the Arab fear of being swamped and the Jewish need of keeping open the doors of the National Home. But there may be a willingness to compromise during this period for the sake of "the inestimable boon of peace," and for the sake of the prospect of an understanding and co-operation which would extend far beyond Palestine and west of the Jordan. The important thing is to consider an arrangement which will give definite conditions for the next five years, so that in new circumstances the relations of the peoples may be fundamentally improved, and the aspirations which seemed to the Royal Commission irreconcilable under the Mandate, may be harmonised when the Mandate ends.

NORMAN BENTWICH

Hollycot,
Vale of Health, N.W. 3.

[Our statement obviously referred to "peaceful co-operation" of Arabs and Jews *under the Mandate*. That is what most of the Jewish and pro-Zionist opponents of partition envisage, and what we ourselves for many years had hoped for. But it is not what Mr. Jamaal Husseini envisages. He wants "Britain to terminate the Mandate forthwith," and to leave the whole of Palestine as an independent Arab State (subject only to certain provision for British imperial interests). No doubt the Arabs would "welcome an understanding with the Jews" on that basis. But are the Zionists really prepared for such a solution? Mr. Bentwich's suggestions for a compromise seem to us to involve a remarkably optimistic view about "the next five years"—not to mention the period after that.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

SOVIET TRIALS

SIR,—To carry on an argument with Mr. Palme Dutt is not easy, because he steadily refuses to face the simple and limited case I am stating. I am not concerned to argue that Tukhachevsky and the eight generals were innocent of any political offence. It is probable that they followed an independent policy that ran counter to that of the civilian Government; it is even conceivable that they may have meditated a rebellion against Stalin. My scepticism is directed against the two main counts in Voroshilov's proclamation and the verdict of the court: (1) that the generals aimed at the defeat of Russia in an early Russo-German war; and (2) that they sold military secrets.

Mr. Dutt refers me to Mr. Wickham Steed's article in the *Spectator* of July 16th, which he evidently believes to be well-informed. Mr. Steed confirms the general belief that the chiefs of the Reichswehr were opposed to Hitler's dream of a German invasion of Russia, because they had a wholesome respect for the strength of the Red Army. They aimed, therefore, at ensuring Russia's neutrality in any clash with the Western Powers that might follow Germany's expansion in Central Europe. In these views Tukhachevsky's group concurred. Indeed, the two General Staffs had worked out a Russo-German Treaty of economic and military alliance in full detail. This was to come into force after the Red Army had established its own military dictatorship over the Soviet Union.

This account seems to me too definite and too sweeping: the more cautious version in the *Manchester Guardian* of July 3rd may be better informed. But I think we may accept the fundamental assumption of both versions: that the two General Staffs were determined to avoid a Russo-German war. This I must suppose Mr. Dutt accepts, since he claims Mr. Steed as a supporter of his view. But in that case, the entire Voroshilov document, and with it the verdict of the court martial, is a nonsensical and mendacious calumny. For both maintain that Tukhachevsy tried to hasten a war in which Russia should be defeated by Germany.

About the Stalin Memorandum (which in the main agrees with Mr. Steed's story) I have nothing fresh to say. The editor of the *News Chronicle* has frankly disclosed its origin (July 12th). But Mr. Dutt still contends that some imaginary Fascist forger "handed it out to a Liberal journalist." Then are there Fascist forgers sitting in the Prague Cabinet? And why not, if even the High Command of the Red Army is packed with such persons?

If, however, the purpose of this forger was, as Mr. Dutt contends, to mislead me "and those who think like me," he wasted his ingenuity. For in previous articles in *Reynolds News* I had already expressed my complete disbelief in the whole series of treason trials. Long before, in my book, *Property or Peace?* I put on record my suspicion of the whole procedure of Russian justice in political cases. My total scepticism dates from the trial of the Mensheviks in Moscow in 1931. They were sentenced for accepting large sums from the German Social-Democratic Party to organise sabotage on a vast scale. Further, the Labour and Socialist International (led at this time by Arthur Henderson, Léon Blum, Vandervelde and Otto Bauer) was charged with scheming with their aid to bring about intervention by the capitalist Powers in Russia. Finally, half-a-dozen of them confessed in elaborate detail that they had met the Menshevik leader, Abramovitch in Moscow and conspired with him for these two ends. It happens that I was well acquainted with Abramovitch and knew him to be a passionate opponent of intervention. Moreover, I met him in Brussels at the time when these confessions placed him in Moscow. The only possible conclusion was that the Ogpu, in pursuit of a political feud, had invented the whole conspiracy and dictated the confessions of its witnesses, knowing them to be false in detail and in substance. What faith after this trial could I retain in Soviet justice? Friendship for the Soviet Union leads me, while rating its creative achievements among the greatest things in human history, to point to a flaw in its structure that may yet destroy it.

Mr. Dutt insists that I must answer his personal charge. He began by denying Critic's statement that I have been a good friend to the Soviet Union. It now appears that all he meant was that I criticised Lenin's tactics twenty years ago. That is true: I did not admire either the Brest-Litovsk Treaty or the dissolution of the Constituent Assembly. I am still of the same opinion. But Mr. Dutt, after his painstaking research among my forgotten writings, might have added that at this time I was mainly occupied in opposing the intervention of the Allies in Russia. Since he omits all mention of my two early books on the Soviet republic, I will quote Radek's verdict: "No one outside our own Party has understood us so well." But Radek under adequate pressure would doubtless confess that he lied.

Monks Risborough. H. N. BRAILSFORD

SIR,—Mr. Palme Dutt says: "The only question of public concern arising from Mr. Brailsford's letter is whether the Soviet regime took necessary measures of defence against treason allied with Fascism when it executed the eight generals, or whether the Soviet regime is, in Mr. Brailsford's words, 'a bloody tyranny ruled by terror and lies.'" But surely there is a little more to it than that? In the first place there may be a third or even fourth alternative. Mr. Dutt, of course, sees everything in either pure white or pure black (except that for him white is red and black white) and nothing between the good sheep who are Communists or Jacobins and the bad goats who are Liberals or Girondins. But that is not really the way in which the world is made or history determined. There are still a few people who are just Socialists with a knowledge of history. These people are wondering whether there is not a third explanation of the news from Russia, rather simpler than Mr. Dutt's, and whether after all there is not some-

thing to be said for a marriage between Socialism and Democracy. Mr. Dutt, owing to his black or white alternatives, offers no explanation of the fact that all these statesmen, administrators, and generals whose heads have had to be regretfully cut off, as the blackest of bad Girondist goats, by the whitest of good Communist sheep, were themselves, according to Mr. Dutt and the highest Communist authorities, only a few months ago held up to us as the whitest of good Jacobin sheep. I know nothing in the history of the French Revolution or of any other period of history which seems to me analogous to this wholesale conversion of sheep into goats or of Jacobins into Girondins. Perhaps Mr. Dutt, who is obviously far more competent than I am to interpret history, will continue his exposition of the French Revolution by giving his attention to this not unimportant point. Meanwhile, one may perhaps be allowed to point out that dictatorships which permit no political opposition or freedom of speech and opinion have always laboured under the kind of advantages which the existing Soviet Government now enjoys over the eight generals and the executed heads of its many departments. The dictator is the prisoner of his dictatorship, and his answer to political opposition has always been, since the days of Abimelech, Hipparchus, or the Roman Emperors, "off with his head outside." The reason is simple, for the simplicity of this form of government has its disadvantages as well as its advantages. It is a question of either his head or theirs. Hipparchus knows that if he does not get their heads, Harmodius and Aristogeiton will get his. In that case they got his, and the Mr. Dutt of the time called them the Jacobins and Hipparchus the Girondin, though if he had got theirs, it night have been the other way about. (As a matter of fact, we now know that it was all a private quarrel about a girl.) The dictatorial system of government is indeed, like democracy, a method of counting heads, though in a slightly grimmer way. I suggest that it is possible that they have only been counting heads in this way during the last months in Russia and that what we are witnessing (from the outside) is the equivalent of an ordinary General Election in this country. LEONARD WOOLF

52 Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.

THE ACTIVITIES OF COLONEL BECK

SIR,—I agree with so much Mr. Dell has written on international affairs during the last eighteen years that I have no doubt we could easily agree on the present occasion, but only on two conditions:

1. That Mr. Dell will believe me, if I assure him that Polish foreign policy is based on the universal desire of all Poles to live in peace with their neighbours. This desire is not diminished by the suspicion that one or the other of those neighbours may not reciprocate our sentiments. I dislike the present system of government both in Russia and Germany as heartily as Mr. Dell does, but I challenge him to deny that the Polish-German or the Polish-Russian non-aggression pacts have been loyally observed by all parties concerned, to the great advantage of European peace. And if that is so, why should Mr. Dell put the bar sinister across the Polish-German pact?

2. That Mr. Dell does not ask me to believe that the Foreign Minister of my country is the agent of a foreign Power, to wit, of Germany. It is an insult to the intelligence of the readers of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to suggest that a man who dedicated his life to the cause of Polish liberty and independence, who fought for it, risked his life for it, and, when his cause triumphed, reached one of the most exalted offices of State, should sell his soul to the devil.

In love, politics and war all weapons are fair. But rank nonsense is not even a weapon, and the Pertinax-Tabouis nonsense about Colonel Beck is certainly unworthy of the pages of a valuable English journal, especially over the respected name of Robert Dell. F. B. CZARNOMSKI,

36b Primrose Hill Road, N.W.3. London Correspondent of the *Kurjer Warszawski*

THE MARRIAGE BILL

SIR,—Referring to Mr. T. H. Marshall's letter in your current issue, I do not disagree with the House of Lords' amendment to clause 1, whereby a divorce petition cannot be presented during the first three years of the marriage subject to a judge exerting his discretion in any case of real hardship. This exception should surely be sufficient for all deserving cases.

Desertion needs no legal definition except in regard to time. The period has always differed in the Police Court and the High Court. A magistrate can give an order on the strength of desertion for a comparatively short period, whereas in the High Court a period of no less than two years has been necessary. It would be better if for the purposes of separation the powers of the judge and magistrate should be made to coincide.

Desertion without cause must be wilful in the sense that there must be no agreement to live apart. The judges have never found it difficult to decide the fact of desertion. However, the old procedure of conjugal rights remains unrepealed. If therefore a wife is deserted by her husband she can without delay sue for restitution of conjugal rights. If the husband refuses to obey the decree, then the fact of desertion is established and he cannot return to the wife, who can divorce him three years after the decree and claim periodical payments. If, on the other hand, it is the husband who sues for restitution and obtains a decree, then whether or not he has any financial claim on his wife, the fact of desertion is at any rate established in the same way.

Mr. Marshall asks, "What will happen if A deserts B and B during the three years waiting period commits adultery?" Presumably, A can then plead B's adultery as a reason for his or her not being entitled to divorce A on the ground of desertion. Alternatively, if A hears of B's adultery and takes no steps, then it is the duty of the King's Proctor to intervene and it is for the judge to say whether B should be granted a divorce at the end of three years or not. The judge might decide that desertion for three years was conduct conducing to adultery.

I quite agree that the law will be more complicated than it was before; and it would be simpler if the King's Proctor were eliminated. I am not, however, so frightened as Mr. Marshall of "reaction," for if we carried reaction far enough we should get back to the admirable laws of the early Roman Empire!

9 New Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2. E. S. P. HAYNES

FOOTPATHS

SIR,—Upon every Ordnance Survey Map is printed the warning that the marking of a footpath is no evidence of a right of way; so far, this has prevented me from using my wire cutters, though I have been sorely enough tempted.

One method of preventing the use of a path deserves record. The farmer puts a bull in the field. Two years ago when I was conducting a school journey in the Peak district my colleague agreed with me that it would be folly to use a particular path. The beast was bellowing and pawing the ground with his head down. Certainly it was a hot day, which may have changed the character of the animal suddenly, but we were put to much inconvenience.

On the Essex-Suffolk borders it appears to be nobody's business to maintain the planks over the streams. I wonder if S. L. B. has tried "tightrope walking" over the bridge which spans the river between Dedham and Flatford? It consists now of one joist! Yet several footpaths will become worthless without it.

The other week I came across a flagrant case of footpath closure near Tatsfield.

In Cornwall someone "forgets" to maintain the wall paths, and when these have developed huge holes and appear to be unsafe people cease to use them. The coastguard paths are rapidly becoming obliterated by the bracken. A few years ago I found that I had to leave the path whenever the bracken was higher than my head. It was specially bad between Polperro and Fowey, and around Portloe. Near Lamorna many of the coast paths are impossible to find. And so one could go on.

I wonder if a Footpaths Week would help? During this week organised parties would work over their allotted areas with wire cutters; a central fund would pay the fines inflicted when the footpaths so opened proved not to be rights of way.

45 Calais Gate, JOHN HALY
Myatts Park, S.E.5.

THE ANTI-LITTER CRANK

SIR,—It is extremely boring to have to dig out a truth that has underlain a joke for the benefit of someone who has not seen that there was a joke at all. But 1,200 words of irony from Y. Y. deserve the courtesy of some in reply.

When I said that anti-litter cranks were the worst of all, I did not say that people who disliked litter were cranks. Politicians have to be more careful about words than essayists, and I used

the word "crank" in its perfectly correct sense of "screwy." If you take away the trimmings, therefore, what my remarks boiled down to was simply that people who are "screwy" about litter frequently create more ugliness than they prevent. What is worse, their vandalism is permanent. Their horrible little notice boards and corrugated iron tins are, and are meant to be, permanent features of the landscape. A paper bag or a tin of Heinz's beans is not a feature of any landscape. It is better, of course, if people take away their paper bags and tins, just as it is better if they refrain from carving their initials on Stonehenge, but the way to teach them that is by education in the press, not by barbed-wire fences in the fields.

So much for what I said to the National Trust. But if Mr. Lynd presses me, I will go much farther. I do not like litter and I would prefer that people could go out from the towns and enjoy the country without leaving litter about. But I would far rather see the most beautiful landscape in England covered with bags and bottles if it meant that a thousand families had shouted and laughed and eaten and drunk and loved upon it, rather than to go there after a Bank Holiday and find that fifty essayists had tucked away the remains of their hard-boiled eggs in their sandwich cases and gone home to write their articles at their desks.

I know that I will never persuade Y. Y. that I am right, but at any rate Nature herself is on my side. No one could call *her* tidy-minded, and I doubt if tidy-minded people really like her very much. DUFFERIN AND AVA

4 Hans Crescent, S.W.

INSURANCE EMPLOYEES

SIR,—Timely though Mr. Bernard Grieve's letter is under the above heading, it rather misses the root of the matter. Many insurance offices do recognise, in principle, the right to collective bargaining, but their scales of salaries fall much below those obtaining in other branches of commerce. I could cite a host of such offices that pay married men less than £200 per annum, whilst female staff—especially those over thirty years of age—merely exist, not live. Many of these latter employees have parents to support. £3 per week is considered handsome "for a woman"! Small wonder there is a shortage of female labour in insurance offices; factories offer far brighter life and better pay and frequently the only qualification for admission is an unending capacity for surviving monotony. Admittedly the hours are good, but do little to counteract the under-nourishment due to low pay.

The clerks' only remedy is to band themselves together and back up their Guild. If any body of workers are sufficiently strong to paralyse production, their conditions rapidly improve. Therein lies their salvation. . . . *De nihilo nihil fit!*

27 Winterbrook Road, GWENDOLEN BURNARD-SYMES
Herne Hill.

CARLYLE

SIR,—Mr. Nevinson reproves me for calling Carlyle "excessively rude" and proves that he was sensitive and tender-hearted and fought oppression. I do not doubt that Carlyle shook men's complacency. I think what I called rudeness helped. What I had in mind was his manner of apostrophising earlier historians, to whose work he was indebted, when he differed from them. Here is a sample:

> O my reverend imbecile friend, hadst thou thyself never any moral life, but only a sensitive and digestive? It was never a sorrow for thee that the eternal pole-star had gone out, veiled in dark clouds; a sorrow only that this or the other noble Patron forgot thee when a living fell vacant? I have known Christians, Moslems, Methodists—and also, also reverend irreverent apes by the Dead Sea!

The occasion for this was that the Rev. Mark Noble thought that Cromwell referred to having been a loose-liver when he wrote:

> You know what my manner of life hath been. Oh, I lived in and loved darkness and hated the light. I was a chief, the chief of sinners.

I still think Carlyle's words excessive, particularly as I believe "the ape by the Dead Sea" was right. DAVID GARNETT

Hilton Hall, St. Ives,
Huntingdonshire.

FOODS THAT DISGUST US

SIR,—I have been delighted by reading Y. Y.'s article "Foods that Disgust Us." I think a slight experience of my own might amuse him. Travelling among the Trobriand Islands with eighteen porters out of prison, all of them murderers as I could not risk having a thief about me, there happened to be two brothers. One of them died, and I delayed my camp some twelve hours to see him buried good and deep. About ten o'clock that night I was sitting at the entrance of my tent writing, when I saw the lights of torches and a fire down at my men's camp. Upon going to see what it was all about I found that the dead man had been dug up and dismembered; part of him was in a huge pot over the fire, the rest carefully wrapped in green leaves lying near ready to be cooked. Calling to the living brother, I remarked that I did not think it very nice of him to give a feast of and eat his own brother, upon which he looked at me with the greatest sweetness and mildness, remarking: "Better me eat him than worms."

There was nothing to be said, so I said nothing, but I think the little story shows how much there is in a point of view and may please Y. Y. E. M.

Grosvenor Hotel,
London, S.W.1.

Miscellany

THE BRITISH PAVILION

WEMBLEY was the worst-planned, worst-executed, and generally most depressing and drab exhibition I have ever seen. In our Pavilion at Brussels the largest object was a globe with all that we have seized of the world painted a tactful red. The English, it must be admitted, are not very good at exhibitions. But after spending five days at the Paris Exhibition, about which I hope to write a general article next week, I can honestly say that I found the British Pavilion a lot better than I expected. It is not a triumph, but it is enormously better than anything of the sort we have done elsewhere.

The exterior is penurious. Mr. Oliver Hill, an architect usually open to the reproach of being unduly theatrical, has produced a mere box, enlivened, so to speak, by large drawings by Mr. Skeaping, the ineffectiveness and insignificance of which can hardly be exaggerated. Moreover, Mr. Hill has incomprehensibly failed to take advantage of the site, which is a very fine one, on the edge of the Seine at the very heart of the Exhibition, opposite the illuminated fountains. While the Germans, the Belgians, the Italians and the Swiss have terraces and restaurants looking over the fantastic view, the British restaurant is poked away at the back, and the Pavilion presents a bleak, windowless, boring and useless wall to the river. There is not even a great floodlit Union Jack on top of the Pavilion, and the garden is a wretched affair of cement beds and geraniums. Our seed-merchants have missed a prodigious opportunity—or were they never given it?

The interior, on the other hand, is planned with remarkable elegance. Huge photographs of the pleasantest things in England, a beautifully curved ramp, and exhibits that are for the most part well designed and very well made. Most of the complaints come, I suspect, from those who wanted the Pavilion to be a miniature British Industries Fair—an exhibition which I visit every year, and which provides a spectacle saddening beyond description. The Vice-President of Maple's for instance, has written a furious letter to the *Times*, but for my part I am very glad that the selection was not in the hands of the Vice-President of Maple's. The sports goods, the leather goods, the glass, the books, the posters, the nursery and kitchen goods, and the textiles, are uncommonly well chosen and displayed. The furnishing textiles indeed are incomparably better than any others in the Exhibition. The china is not all of it good, but very little good china is made in England. (Mysteriously none of the charming china designed by Graham Sutherland and Vanessa Bell is shown, but there is good stuff by Albert Rutherston, Michael Cardew and others.) Then there is the furniture, most of it is

respectable—I do not know where in England better could have been found. The men's clothes do not look very well—most of the mannequins are wretched—and I was appalled to notice that one waistcoat had *two* buttons undone. What will the French think of us? The women's clothes were excellent. Indeed, I should say that in almost every type of goods represented the best had been selected, and even the catalogue is admirably printed and arranged.

At the same time the Pavilion does give an inadequate, not to say misleading, picture of this country. We appear as a refined rustic little country, a more aristocratic Denmark. No one would guess from the Pavilion that we had any heavy industry. And, what is far more regrettable, there is no hint that any attention is given here to the happiness of the mass of the people. The clothes, the luggage, the ceramics, the textiles, the architecture—all are for the rich. And whereas almost every other country shows by photographs, statistics, models and other such means the progress made in hygiene, housing, education, and the provision of leisure, the Council for Art and Industry, which arranged our Pavilion, seems unaware that we have a proletariat. (Yet Mr. Frank Pick of London Transport is chairman of the Council, and he can hardly be said to inhabit an Ivory Tower.) Is our record in the matter of social services so feeble compared with that of other countries that we dare not speak of it? Is our death-rate higher, are our illiterates more numerous, is our destitution more widespread? The Fascist States have used their Pavilions to boast of what they have done for their peoples. We have spent on our Pavilion only a fraction of the sums spent by the Germans and Russians; and what we have produced is incomparably more tasteful than either of theirs. But while one does not wish our Pavilion to be overburdened with propaganda, I think we could well have spared the furniture, in which we cannot be said to outshine other countries, and given the space to some demonstration that England is not a land entirely given up to the pleasures of the rich.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

HARVEST IN 1937

THE road from Valencia to Madrid descends in a series of dramatic hairpin bends to the gorge of the Rio Gabriel; and rises again as dramatically. In those swooping few miles one changes country, leaves behind the orange groves and the olives, the oleanders growing wild along the dried winter-bournes, the roses edging the dusty road; and comes into a vast austere tableland that rolls onward towards distant Madrid, and grows corn. Here, as we drove on our way to attend the Madrid sessions of the Second Congress of the Writers in Defence of Culture, the harvest was being reaped, reaped with a sickle.

It is a beautiful gesture, if one cares for the picturesque. As the reaper stoops, grasping the locks of corn, and swings the sickle with a movement made elegant by centuries of hereditary use, and casts the swathe behind him, and stoops and grasps and swings the sickle again, it is as though one watched a series of caresses. And along with him his shadow, small under the midday sun, repeats the movement in a contracted perspective.

Women reap among the men. Looking closely, one sees how these groups acknowledge war. Women of all ages, old men, children, make up the greater part of these bands. The babies sit along the edge of the corn-strips, sometimes there is a dog with them, or a tethered mule or donkey, chewing at the harsh stubble.

The reapers are too sunburned to look hot. Faces and bared arms are dark, shining with sweat they look like oiled wood. The men wear broad-brimmed straw hats, the women muffle their heads in thick kerchiefs, sometimes they have a white cloth bound over the mouth. This prevents the rasping straw dust from irritating the throat. The dust settles on faces and bared arms, the flies buzz.

Mile after mile the beautiful reaping gesture persists, tireless, identical. And one begins to remember the feel of corn, to remember that those locks of corn which seem so yielding as the reaper gathers them are in truth harsh and spiky; that to tread on corn-stubble is like treading on metal filings; that along with the sweet scent of corn flies the teasing, tickling corn dust. Among the corn are the sharp, low-growing thistles, the small aggressive weeds of a dry soil, clawing and scratching the feet of those who tread them.

There are many weeds among the corn. By our English standards it is a poor crop, short in straw, light in the ear. Scanty as is the corn, the reapers are scantier yet. As the road goes on over the interminable plain one begins to wonder if the corn will ever be reaped, the landscape is so large, the little groups of reapers so widely spaced.

At intervals along the enormous horizon mountains appear. The plain is a general sunburned tawny colour, the rock of the mountains is painted by distance to a lovely colour like lavender. But in spite of the tender colour given to them by depth of air, these mountains have an inimical aspect, they seem to have the watchfulness of tyrants, not of guardians, as they overlook this landscape of poor corn and scattered reapers.

And where do they live, these reapers? Bound to the soil, it is as though they rose out of it to serve the corn, and, the harvest gathered, sank into the ground again. The villages lie leagues apart, sometimes there are not even villages, only long barrack-like farmsteads, what old Scotch husbandry called "a town," the bailiff's house, and the barns and stables and granges, and the field-workers' quarters all enclosed within one wall. No lesser roads, no lanes, branch off the main road, only a few tracks and footpaths. A signpost is an eye's wonder on this journey.

It is the harvest of 1937, the first harvest these peasants have ever reaped for themselves. When the great landowners fled these melancholy miles of corn-land were allotted among the workers. This year, like every other year, the harvest goes on, the harvesters repeat their gesture, the babies, docile with heat, sit patiently along the edges of the corn-strips. The harvest goes on, the sickle swings forward. And as though it were a ground-bass in a piece of counterpoint the rhythm of harvest after harvest becomes apparent, is a recurring gesture like the movement of the reaper, stooping to grasp the locks of corn, swinging the sickle, casting the swathe behind him. Subdued to this rhythm, working on under the heavy sun, the corn-dust flying, the flies buzzing, the beat of the swollen vein, the ache in the loins . . . to those who reap it can this harvest of 1937 seem so very different from the harvests of other years?

There is a heavy sound on the road behind us, an imperious klaxon. Our car draws to one side, and one of the new Government lorries tears past. The reapers lift themselves from the corn, with stiff, awkward movements they straighten themselves, the sweat pouring off their faces with the effort of wrenching themselves so suddenly upright. They hold up their clenched fists in the salute, they cheer and shout greetings, and the soldiers salute and shout in answer. The lorry passes, the reapers stoop to the corn again. All along the road the groups of reapers, one after the other, straighten themselves out of the corn to salute and cheer as the lorry sweeps on towards Madrid.

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

"USELESS"

THE child awoke with a nervous start, his mind more clear than it had been for the last twelve hours—more clear than it had ever been. He couldn't, of course, put his thoughts into words, but he knew that his answers to their questions in the afternoon had not given them the right idea. He had heard them say:

"Oh, the quarrel began about something unimportant, the way they usually do between a man and his missus—some toy the kid had brought in."

And when he had said that his father *wasn't* drunk, old Mrs. Shane had cut him short—

"Dead drunk 'e was, as ever I seen 'im, not knowin' what 'e laid 'is 'and to,"—and she had squeezed his arm to silence him.

But they had been all wrong. The little tip-toed harlequin in his diamond suit had been the symbol of the unbridgable gap between his father's and mother's idea of life, though he could find no words to explain that. He had lived with the fear most of his ten years that some day the thin skin of self-control that kept back his mother's seething resentment against his useless father might break, and the boiling fury of her hatred pour out. What he had not realised was that his shiftless, good-natured father could become so coldly, remorselessly angry.

"Useless," that was the word of accusation and warning with which his mother used to damp any fun, till suddenly, only a week ago, this depressing word had taken on an entirely new meaning. At first it had shocked him to hear it spoken so differently, so gaily; then a delicious thrill had run through him as if a tight coil had loosened and let him relax, or someone had clapped wings on his shoulders and told him he could fly.

He had gone to Miss Cooper's to buy a reel of cotton. As he came into her little shop the bell that tinkled as one opened the door, made one of the two customers at the counter turn toward him. She was holding the little china harlequin in her hand and showing it to her friend. She gave him a quick smile, too, a bright look such as he rarely saw on the anxious faces he knew best; and she spoke to him as if she knew him.

"Isn't he gay?" she said, "Don't you love Harlequin?"

Her companion's voice was more familiar in its tone of slight exasperation:

"But it's so useless!"

But the familiar word seemed to have no depressing effect on the lady. She wrinkled her nose and appealed to him! His heart jumped in his narrow chest and then began a slow beat of adoration.

"Did you ever hear such a reason? You're young and wise enough to know that that's the way to kill all the fun in the world. Have a chocolate?"

He munched the melting sweet, and watched her. Miss Cooper was wrapping up the little china figure; her companion smiled too as the lady went on:

"A world of useful things would be as drab as a workhouse. People who use that word are like dripping taps that ought to be mended."

She took the parcel from Miss Cooper—"Harlequin, you're so gay and useless that I want you on my mantelpiece." Then as she opened the door she held out her hand to him with another chocolate.

"You mustn't believe everything I say, but there is a lot of truth in it. Beware of smile killers—that's what I mean."

She was gone. And he stood peering after her through the glass door, forgetting what he had come to buy till Miss Cooper's voice recalled him.

"Never heard such talk. I shouldn't think them children would learn much offen the likes o' her."

"What children?"

"She's the new teacher what they got at the Council school. She seems to be spendin' her money pretty free."

"Did the harlequin cost much, Miss Cooper?"

"One and six—he come with some hanks o' wool, but no one ain't never wanted him hereabouts. What do you want? I bet your Ma didn't send you up for nothin' fancy."

He bought his reel of cotton and walked slowly home, running the tip of his tongue around his teeth for a last taste of the chocolate. "Smile killer. . . ." He didn't suppose his mother had ever laughed the way that teacher did. His father smiled sometimes, but not in the house—unless he was drunk and then he looked silly.

She had said a harlequin cheered people up and made them feel happy. He didn't exactly see how, but it might work. Suddenly he knew how much he wanted one, and with a gust of homesickness came faith in that talisman. Of course a teacher would know, just as she knew the answers to all questions. His father would soon learn to laugh if his mother would let him. He and his father loved each other, but they had learned long ago never to show signs of such softness in the house. His father was only a night watchman now, instead of being a policeman, and he drank a lot. His mother worked hard and was good. He knew that because he heard her tell about it so often. She kept him clean and his clothes patched and even tried to shine his old shoes. His father would never have shined his shoes for him, but he had wanted to take him to the circus once; and his father slipped him a penny now and then when they met outside. He stopped when he thought of the pennies. He had fourteen put away for Christmas, but that was months ahead.

He couldn't wait till then. He needed four pennies more. He couldn't ask Miss Cooper to send for a harlequin till he had all the money. Supposing he asked his father? It was a lot of money, but he'd try saying the magic words "I want to buy something gay and useless." If they worked, it would be sort of a proof that he was on the right track.

That very night the words had worked like a charm; he had caught his father on the way to his lonely job, and though he had not told him what he wanted to get, he had said that it was "gay and useless." After his first astonishment, his father had laughed and, then and there, handed him a sixpence. "You're my son," he said, patting him on the back, "and don't you forget it." Off his father had gone, chuckling. So the teacher had been right! Of all of them his mother needed the harlequin most.

Suddenly he sat up in bed, the memory of that happy moment now blotted out by visions of terror. How tragically, hideously wrong the teacher had been! It had been like smelling a flower and having an adder's tongue dart out at one.

He had had to wait five days for the harlequin to come. Then he had run home with it, unwrapped, straight into the sitting-room where his father slept with knees bent on the short sofa, that was his own bed at night. It was noon and time for his father to wake up for dinner. He could hear his mother rattling pans in the scullery; sharp rattles that reminded him of her tongue.

He tip-toed over and woke his father, holding the talisman behind his back till his father's eyes were really open. Then, uncertain and feeling silly, he held it out. His father lay still for a moment without moving, and he was afraid it had failed. Then suddenly the old rug was flung on the floor, and his father stood before him in his woollen underclothes trying to imitate the pose of the little figure. For a moment he was amazed, then such hilarious joy rose in him that his laughter was a shout. The cold core of loneliness melted in this delicious intimacy. His father's chuckles sent him off again, and he fell on to the couch holding harlequin to his chest. He hadn't heard the door open, but his mother's voice checked his laughter.

"Have you both gone crazy?"

He turned towards her holding out his hands. "It's for you," he said, "a present I bought at Miss Cooper's."

Her thin face with its long sharp nose and small black eyes peered at him like an evil genie through the rising steam of the saucepan in her hand. She stooped over him and the look in her eyes pinned him to the sofa.

"You spent money, money, money for that useless trash. You dared to——"

"Leave the boy alone," he heard his father say gruffly.

With a whining scream she raised the saucepan as if to strike him. The hot gravy splashed on his legs, but he did not cry out; he feared too terribly the hot destruction of her anger, now that her restraint had snapped. She snatched the harlequin from him and hurled it towards the grate. Then, screeching, she ground the bright fragments under her heel.

The next moment his father was beside him pulling down his gravy soaked stockings. He was speaking to him :

" Go into the scullery and rub lard on your legs."

His mother's high-pitched chant was still sounding in his ears as he shuffled across the floor, his wet stockings over his shoes. She was addressing his father.

" *You* did it—you, you, you—you want to make him like you.

Then as his hand reached the door she grabbed his arm, dragging him toward the fire.

" I'll teach you to waste money. I'll teach you to laugh behind my back. I'll brand you, you won't forget this day—— "

He knew she was mad and whimpered with terror. Then he was suddenly freed. He heard his father's voice telling him to leave the room ; and he fled, shutting the door on two struggling figures.

Later, his father had come out and wrapped his sore legs in strips from a torn sheet. . . .

They rode along in silence, in the bus, but the clasp of his father's hand comforted him. It wasn't till they were in the hospital where he now lay awake in the long bare ward, that his father had answered his questioning look.

" I'm going back to pay for that laugh we had."

" Do you have to pay, now harlequin's gone ? "

" I'm afraid so, but you had a laugh comin' to you."

" Will you be gone long ? "

" Not if I can persuade them you ain't had enough laughs yet. But if I can't don't let your face get stiff."

BETSY GRAVES

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Cleopatra," at Covent Garden

The revival of Fokine's ballet, *Cleopatra*, proved a disappointment in spite of the fact that it was one of Diaghilev's original successes in Paris. Now, however, it not only seems old-fashioned but one wonders how such a monument of tasteless frigidity could ever have pleased any discriminating audience. It is a dramatic ballet somewhat in the style of *Thamar* and *Scheherazade*, but fails to achieve their effects with its spectacular use of the *corps-de-ballet*. Danilova and Riabouchinska have little chance to display their individual qualities in the dull and conventional dances, while Tchernicheva and Shabelevsky have the impossible task of holding our interest by gazing passionately into each other's eyes for about twenty minutes. The music, which is a mixture of Arensky, Glazounov, Glinka, Mussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, Taniev and Tcherepnin, is as mechanical and lifeless as the choreography. It is almost inconceivable that the choreographer of *Cleopatra* is also the choreographer of *The Firebird* which followed it and never fails to delight.

Summer Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries

One sympathises with the art critic who, from the secluded study of the Trecento (or perhaps the Dugento), was suddenly confronted with an exhibition of French nineteenth-century painting. The variety of styles bothered him, the lack of easily defined direction puzzled him, and the mass of work made things worse. But if the fecund nineteenth century is a problem, a close-up view of the early twentieth century is chaos. At the Leicester Galleries there are nearly two hundred paintings, and a conscientious critic might find as many as fifty classifications into which to divide them. Mr. Sickert's big portrait, *Mrs. Margesson*, stands out. It is very big and more " achieved " than the master's work has been lately. And his little Derains look so valuable that they are nearly precious. Miss Ethel Walker's portrait is distinguished, and Mr. Wilson Steer's landscape is a picture one would be pleased to find in any gallery. But when it comes to flowers, the difficulties are almost too much. Mr. Malcolm Milne has Nasturtiums, Miss Beatrice Bland, Miss Vera Morosoff, Miss Eva la Gallienne have mixed flowers. One can say of Mrs. Vanessa Bell's *Sweet Peas* that they are nicer to look at than any of these, but an entirely different orientation is needed if one is to be fair to Mr. Mark Gertler's hideously brassy *Merry-Go-Round* or Mr. E. Georg's exercise in the manner of Jerome Bosch. The last is a piece of fantasy whose morbidity might annoy Hitler and possibly *épater* some unsophisticated *bourgeois*, but Mr. Georg's methods are a bit too crude to get a rise out of hardened gallery-goers. An unfinished Rouault speaks a more effective language. M. Vlaminck's works will surprise neither those who admire him nor those who do not. Among the prints and drawings will be found works by Degas, Augustus John, Seurat, Gainsborough, Matisse and Henry Moore. This would not be a mixed exhibition at the Leicester Galleries if it were without works by Mr. Edzard and Miss Eisendieck. These drab facetious pseudo-Edwardian jokes are said to sell extremely well, but we are not amused.

"Mad Girl," at the Curzon

Madness in the film sense is an attractive quality, more abandoned than psychotic ; wild, gay, impassioned but never morbid. Miss Danielle Darieux, who was the lovely Vetsera in *Mayerling*, is almost as mad (on these lines) as anyone could wish. Almost only, because this film is almost satisfying and almost delightful. The tendency to leave one with the feeling of having had a good time rather than of being satisfied, originates in the cutting room rather than in the direction of this film. Time and again when the director has built up what promises to be a juicy scene—when Miss Darieux is discovered fighting on the floor of her employer's office, when she is rescued from the Seine, or getting drunk in her rescuer's bedroom,—the continuity breaks off before it has really made the best of what Mlle. Darieux could do. M. Albert Prejean is also in this film ; but he and the director's half-crystallised wish to do something in the manner of *La Crise est Finie* are both subordinated to Mlle. Darieux. A butler played on Eric Blore lines by Lucien Baroux is amusing enough, and will, perhaps, prepare Mlle. Darieux for her reception in Hollywood. One hopes that she will be more kindly treated than Mdlles. Ketti Gallien and Simone Simon.

"A Day at the Races," at the Empire

For nearly all their considered craziness the Marx Brothers get credit. For all in fact, except their continued employment of that drawing room terror, Mr. Alan Jones. This, it seems, though we have been slow to appreciate it, may be the shrewdest touch of all. The brothers, when knockabout has left them breathing hard and walking on their heels, must be glad of the respite offered by Mr. Jones' tenderness. And for the audience too, though some of them do not notice it, the interlude must be a relief after the brothers' acrobatic wit. Like sentimental French postcards which these parts of a Marx Brothers film often resemble in appearance, they have a sort of crude reality of their own. They show that the entertainment is genuinely machine-made. The brothers are wise enough to know that a pattern that suits everyone moderately is better than one that fits individuals perfectly and the rest not at all. So the Edwardian trimmings, the tenor, the so-called ballet, and the negro choir take up nearly a third of the time. Groucho is Dr. Hugo Hackenbush, horse doctor (" Emily, when I've married you I'll never look at another horse," he remarks) ; Beppo sells " tutsy frutsy ice-cream," Harpo is a jockey. It is reported from Paris that M. Dali's new pictures include portraits of Harpo, with a background of flaming giraffes. The Surrealists at least, know how to appreciate their own. Is it possible that Groucho can hope for recognition by the British Conservative party ? There is a likeness somewhere.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, July 31st—

Fabian Summer School, Normanhurst, Nr. Battle, Sussex. Till August 28th.

Marx House Workers' Summer School, Hillside Guest House, Godalming. Till August 28th.

British Drama League Summer School, Eastbourne. Till August 13th.

English Folk Dance and Song Society Summer School, Stratford-on-Avon. Till August 14th.

" The Gusher," Prince's.

MONDAY, August 2nd—

Welsh National Eisteddfod, Machynlleth. Till August 7th.

" The Winter's Tale," Regent's Park.

" Ourselves Alone," Everyman.

" The May Tree," Barn Theatre, Shere.

TUESDAY, August 3rd—

World Conference on Faith and Order, Edinburgh.

WEDNESDAY, August 4th—

English Folk Dance and Song Matinee, Stratford-on-Avon.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

> To understand war, remember that it is not primarily a thing of guns and gas, but a state of mind.

THESE words occur in the introduction to a little pamphlet called *A War Museum*, by Hamish Miles (Wishart, 1*s*.), which was published five years ago, before Hitler came into power and when all Europe was at peace. Guns and gas, however, stick in the memory and live in the imagination; states of mind are rapidly forgotten and are difficult to re-create when fear and hatred have died away. The value of Hamish Miles's little pamphlet is that he has picked out a number of samples which recall states of mind which seem incredible even to those of us who lived when such things were being written and spoken all about us. We have an accurate idea of what we must expect from guns and gas and aeroplanes: we forget that with these things goes the state of mind which enables men to justify the use of them.

> War is the great scavenger of thought. It is the sovereign disinfectant, and its red stream of blood is the Condy's fluid that cleans out the stagnant pools and clotted channels of the intellect.

That passage is not taken from a speech by Mussolini or a book by Hitler. It was not broadcast from Seville by a drunk general with the promise of a massacre, but was written twenty-one years ago by the author of *Father and Son*, by Sir Edmund Gosse, who had lived all his life in libraries, "clotting the channels of the intellect" by writing books about other books. Condy's Fluid! What a disgusting thing for an old gentleman to write, and what a warning to the old gentlemen of the next war.

* * *

It is difficult to think of one's own blood as a stream of disinfectant, and the actual soldiers did not often hold the Condy's Fluid theory. When they wrote it was, in the words of the fragment of preface Wilfred Owen wrote before he was killed, "not anything about glory, honour, dominion, or power—except War. Above all this book is not concerned with poetry. The subject of it is War, and the pity of War. The poetry is in the pity." The same can almost be said of a curiously uneven book, *The War In Spain* by Ramon Sender, translated by Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell (Faber, 12*s*. 6*d*.). The author is known by his books *Seven Red Sundays* and *Mr. Witt Among the Rebels*, which I have not read. He has fought on many of the fronts during the past year. His wife, who remained with his children near San Rafael, was shot by Franco's troops; the children, however, have been restored to their father thanks to the International Red Cross. The book he has now written is, as one might expect, full of violent and tangled emotions. It reflects the agonising strain of war; it expresses the idealism and faith without which sensitive men cannot bring themselves to fight; it is by turns rhetorical, propagandist, deeply emotional and photographic. It is a book that everyone should read, though it is so unequal. Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell has obviously had to translate it at top speed and has therefore made a number of slips. Thus we read of the commanding officer inspecting "the *sanitary arrangements*" before launching an attack when first-aid posts and not latrines are meant, of filling the *reservoir* of a rifle instead of its magazine and of a *magazine rifle* when the sense indicates automatic rifle or sub-machine gun. Though unimportant these difficulties increase the English readers' feeling of vagueness and nightmare confusion of a civil war in which there is a shortage of arms and superabundance of "traitors." The tangled state of Sender's feelings is well shown by his attitude to an enigmatic figure, nicknamed "the Negus," who kept turning up inappropriately. Sender was convinced he was a spy, but always refrained from hinting at his suspicions since the Negus would have been shot. When the Negus was actually proved guilty Sender gives us an example of the war state of mind:

> The Negus had taken off his coat, asking the picket to wait a moment. He gave it to one of the militia. "It would be a pity," he said, "to spoil a new coat." He made no political manifestation. It appeared that they had caught him "in flagrante delicto," and that he was a spy from personal servility to some of his old protectors whose names he was unwilling to give. Without any real convictions, he died from "the weakness of the head" of which he used to speak.

When the war is over, and some years have passed, it may seem to Ramon Sender that the poor fellow's "personal servility" merits one of the more sympathetic, old-fashioned words, such as loyalty.

* * *

Occasionally Sender is almost half-way to Gosse's insane reversal of human values. There is a note of exultation when he writes of night clubs on the roofs of tall buildings in Madrid:

> The prostitutes had emigrated, the sparkling wines of France were done with, and the light music had been replaced by the dialogues of guns, rangefinders and telephones, figures and place-names, calibres and co-ordinates.

and when, describing the first aerial bombardment of the city, he writes:

> The women, under the cloud of steel, were no longer women. They became transfigured into lovely, wild creatures of God. For each one who was crushed (I saw one woman, still young, who was pregnant, become almost crazy . . . who did not wish to give birth to her child) for each one of these there were a hundred who called out to their children: "Grow up, my sons, before the evil reaches everything," etc.

The extraordinary thing in this book is how much sanity the author has retained, and his resolute hatred of cruelty. This is, I think, because the actual defence of Madrid was carried out by a wave of popular indignation and with a courage that must have given everyone who took part in it an extraordinary belief in humanity. A million people showed they were not panic-stricken sheep but specimens of the "méchant animal" which defends itself when attacked. The men hastily dug trenches and improvised weapons and the women brought them out hot coffee. Individual acts of heroism are plentiful; the defence of Madrid is one of the few instances of a general wave of heroism among the inhabitants of a city. Just as one feels an enduring shame if one has witnessed a panic the people in Madrid must feel a pride and self-respect which will last them all their lives. All of us must feel gratitude.

* * *

The descriptions of Madrid are the most beautiful things in the book, and the most clearly told. The dead man lying on the ground as if asleep, although his clothes were not those of a man accustomed to lie in the dirt, while the children played around him and the mothers sat chatting beside their perambulators, is unforgettable. No doubt his blood was disinfecting the children's thoughts. After such passages it is strange to come on a page of such extreme beauty as the following:

> In the deserted suburb, full of remains once alive, once alive and young, with its wide avenues lined with modern houses whose well-being is obvious in that suburb, Argüelles, bright and laughing, with its double row of trees, its shops with large windows, its lines of tall buildings yellow and ruddy, cement and brick, there was no one . . . . The glass and the reflectors of the street lamps were broken; the awnings of the shops broken; the monument to Argüelles chipped, and over everything—silence; that monstrous silence in the centre of a suburb was one of the grimmest forms of the terror. There were no dead in the streets, no fugitive families, no one who could give a living expression to the terror—which made it even stronger, as there was no outlet for the feelings. The streets there were desolate, the roads leading nowhere, were open, awaiting no one.

As he was hurrying on a dangerous errand through these deserted streets, Sender met another man; a lost beggar hobbling along in rags and peering uncomfortably about him looking for people from whom to beg. All the houses were empty, he had only to walk into one of them and help himself. But the old man respected property; directly he saw Sender, he held out his palm. That is not a dream, or a fantasy of Wells's, but a town not far away. DAVID GARNETT

WAR

Vain Glory : A Miscellany of the Great War. Edited by GUY CHAPMAN. *Cassell.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Vain? I do not think Mr. Chapman really needs reminding of the inscription on the Unknown Warrior's grave in Westminster Abbey. He has used this unbecoming title to catch the vogue in pacifist "exposures." Perhaps he really intended the book to be such. If he did, his own skill as an editor has defeated him. I, an average coward, feel a good deal less frightened of war than I did before reading it.

But that is not the point. This is not a didactic book. Whatever Mr. Chapman's intentions may have been, his literary instinct got the better of them, and the anthology has been assembled round a criterion of literary merit. The contributors were all participants; there is nothing second-hand. Consequently, the book has an extraordinary value for its information on the motives and emotions of the combatants from day to day and on the detail of historical action. Yet again that is not the point.

No; the unique merit of this book is that it *honours* the past. And the interest of it lies in its discovery of what does honour the past. First—as Mr. Chapman points out in his introduction—it is evident that in this age the English idiom and the Englishman's sense of proportion are incomparably better suited to the recital of great events than those of the French and Germans. And secondly, the reader in search of literary art learns to his astonishment that of the English contributors, it is the professional writers who fail and the non-professionals who succeed. Such a discovery is new to this generation, which has forgotten that courage, death and grief need a special application of language and a special avoidance of the personal impression.

Lawrence, for instance, is represented at his best; the words are clean and economical, the whole passage is beautifully balanced. Yet there is a disconcerting irrelevance about it all, and in the case of other "good" writers who are not quite so good, this quality degenerates into impertinence. "They marched swiftly to the river and crossed. Here, again, were worlds conducting their existence in entire disconnection. . . . Again, and infinitely again, the process was repeated, a magnificence of effort which came out of omnipotence and would pass eternally into it." (591.) This is an impertinence because it is egoism, and egoism is too selfish artistically for war. Occasionally there are exceptions: "Then the English barrage opened. It seemed as if myriads of intelligent birds had suddenly been uncaged, and knew exactly where they wanted to go, and flew thither with incredible speed . . ." (644.) That is a writer's metaphor; it succeeds because it is apt rather than descriptive. More rarely still, an heroic sentence succeeds: "With flames pouring from her battered funnels and burdened with triumph, death and pain, the *Vindictive* sped away from Zeebrugge into the North Sea." (590.)

This was written by Lord Kennet, whose long contribution is otherwise one of the soberest, and therefore most exciting, in the book. It is significant that on an average the naval battles have inspired the best records; even the Germans become readable on these occasions. Mr. Chapman in his introduction quotes the death of Lieut. Bethell at Jutland as the example of a lament in the classical tradition, and certainly his "To Heaven, I trust, Sir!" has a fine Elizabethan flavour. But the end of this particular passage moves me more: "In about three minutes, the destroyer suddenly raised herself into an absolutely perpendicular position, and thus slid down, stern first, to the bottom of the North Sea, leaving a quantity of oil and wreckage to mark the spot where she had last rested." (272.) It is the prosaicness of the word "quantity" which makes one realise that the ship had sunk and that her commander could then do no more than say what his eyes told him.

One of the delusions of pacifists is that man does not really enjoy sacking and killing. We most of us realise that such instincts are better kept under. But that they are enjoyable when given rein to is confirmed here time and again. "Advance boys!" said the sergeant. "Steady on to the foot of the Cross and rip the swine out of their trenches." (194.) The word "rip" is literal: ". . . the grunting breaths, the gritting teeth and the staring eyes of the lunging Turks, the sobbing scream as the bayonet ripped home." (398.) But here it becomes too realistic, and compares unfavourably with that cavalry charge in the first August when "some of our men pursuing them had refrained at first from running two of them through—because 'their backs were turned!' . . . Hornby's sword had already been blooded. He showed it to me—about four inches of the blade near the tip was smeared with blood." (32.) As the war progressed, this good old fox-hunting spirit survived more in the air than on land. There alone men felt that the chase was on, and judging by a letter from Captain Albert Ball, V.C., to his parents, that intrepid boy enjoyed himself shooting down German planes more than he ever had in his life.

But though the gusto of hate here preserved shows the prospective combatant of to-day that war may have its compensations, it is the humour which really comforts him, because it proves that there is one armour which makes all things endurable till death. That first Christmas, when the two sides were fraternising, "an old hare started up. . . . I gave one loud "View Holloa," and one and all, English and Germans, rushed about giving chase, slipping up on the frozen plough, falling about, and after a hot two minutes we killed in the open . . ." (102.) Another extraordinary scene heralded the arrival of the submarine E.11 in the Golden Horn:

> A good-sized vessel was seen near the arsenal. Nasmith fired the port-bow tube. The torpedo developed a gyro-failure, which means that the gear which governed her direction failed, locking the rudder hard over.
>
> Nasmith said the torpedo went chasing round the harbour, acting like nothing so much as a hen with its head cut off. Round and round it went at a speed of forty-seven knots, and every few seconds it switched from hen to porpoise and jumped out of the water. "It was bound to hit something, and by the look of things it was just as likely to be us as anything else." (161.)

Even Jutland had moments that were too much for the sensitive:

> "Should it be my good fortune to be engaged in another action," said an officer of H.M.S. *Indomitable* afterwards, "I shall take care that only one gramophone is taken into the turret. In my turret we had two, one in the gun-house and one in the working chamber, and during every lull in the action these two were started playing simultaneously, each with a different record. The result was one of the real horrors of the war." (276.)

And at last, when the whole epic was played out, there were stil some who kept their heads.

> "Mr. Straker."
> "Sir."
> "You can fall the men out for breakfast. The war is over."
> "Very good, Sir." (684).

Mr. Chapman's editing is at its best in his selection of documents, such as the letters of a deserter to his mother followed by the official intimation of his execution, or the series entitled "A Nation's Gratitude," which shows how the Nazis have rewarded the Jews who fought for Germany. Perhaps his happiest find has been the letter from Lance-Corporal Laird on the death of General Maxwell. "I caught him as he was falling, and jumped into a shell hole with him. I held his head against my breast till all was over. Madam, I cried till my heart was liking to burst . . ." (468.) There speaks the Englishman in his native tongue. He had never learnt to "write," had never put on literary spectacles. And for that reason this epitaph has a quality which now, under the tuition of the B.B.C., is likely to be lost for ever.

ROBERT BYRON

THE BULLFIGHTER

Juan Belmonte, Killer of Bulls. An autobiography is told to Manuel Chaves Nogales. Translated, with an Introduction, by LESLIE CHARTERIS. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

Lament for the Death of a Bullfighter and Other Poems. By FEDERICO GARCÍA LORCA. In the original Spanish with the English translation by A. L. LLOYD. *Heinemann.* 6*s.*

Sport is a conception unknown to primitive peoples. And the Spaniards are primitive. Their methods, as Unamuno said of his attitude to ideas, are the methods of passion. In consequence it is irrelevant to talk of the cruel sport of bullfighting, though it may be true to speak of its monotony: passion unrelieved falls inevitably into monotonous habits of expression. A helpful comparison can be made with the *cante hondo*, which sounds like a primitive and boring howl to the cultivated: yet an examination of the behaviour of one's Spanish friends during this wild singing shows there is more in it than that. In the first few bars the incurably badly behaved audience chatters and laughs; but soon there is silence. Eager, intense, critical faces wait as if hypnotised as the singer comes near to the notes that will require all his

virtuosity if he is to extract the brief, ecstatic, difficult perfection of the climax. The material and background are monotonous, but upon them is being executed an arabesque fashioned by years of tradition which to our inexpert eye or ear is invisible or inaudible. How will the artist conform to the tradition and yet add an unmistakable refinement upon it of his own? The same aesthetic question burns in the mind of the Spanish bullfighting fan.

This point is brought home by the autobiography of Juan Belmonte, the most famous and original of bullfighters. In his medium he is a genius; in his life a shy, charming and intensely intelligent companion, an artist in everything he does. Such a versatility is unusual in bullfighters, who generally grow to be short-lived, gregarious and gorgeous fellows without much brain outside their job; but Belmonte, who was a slum child from the Calle de la Feria, that street of stalls and junk shops in Seville, has always had a hunger for other worlds. What he has learned from painters and writers whose company he inclines to seek he (fortunately, perhaps) does not say; no doubt, what he said would be naive enough though shrewd. The odd and interesting thing is that spiritual curiosity exists in him at all. He must be the only bullfighter who has ever described bullfighting as a spiritual exercise. And in any other but Belmonte, such a statement would be highfalutin'.

There was indeed a time when he was becoming dangerously the highbrow and when he would tie himself in knots about the precise relevance of a line of D'Annunzio's to his case. His native sense saved him in time from this absurd phase of mystification. It was not unnatural to mystify. No man, on the face of it, had a smaller right to success, and he was one of those whose impulse is stimulated by his, apparently fatal, incapacities. Small, ugly, weak and continuously ill, he was known for long as " the suicide " when his puny, though broad-shouldered, figure shivered in the ring. " See Belmonte at once if you want to see him—he'll be dead to-morrow," was the usual comment. He was afraid, too, and also too weak to manoeuvre, run away and jump the barrier as others might when the bull charged. Instead, he had no option but to stand still and to dominate the bull.

This technique of Belmonte's, which so violently divided the fans, had been evolved in the open country around Seville when he and his companions in their youth would strip off their clothes and swim the river—in order to evade the Civil Guard who were posted around the bull-breeding estates like gamekeepers after poachers—and then practise their passes upon the astonished animals, naked. Often they fought under the stars. Later on came the grotesque failures in third-rate rings, the double-dealing impresarios, the first cigars, the first kisses and the crude surgery. The picture of the bullfighter's days and nights is fascinating. In no other profession can there be that religiously grave cortège of admirers who follow their hero's every step, who sit in his room while he sleeps and gaze speechlessly satisfied at him while he dresses.

To cure himself of the excessive self-consciousness of his " highbrow " or D'Annunzio phase, which was ruining him as a fighter, Belmonte returned to Seville and steeped himself in the simple open country fighting of his youth and the unsophisticated friendship of his earlier companions. This was in its way a return to the art of the people such as De Falla made in music, and men like Alberti and García Lorca were making in poetry. The movement was typical of the pre-civil war period in Spain. García Lorca owed the heart of his best work to the richness of popular tradition, and when Franco's people in Granada, animated by their frequently expressed hatred of the intellectuals, took Lorca out and shot him and burned his works in the Plaza del Carmen, they removed a man who was the most acclaimed poet of his generation. Gypsies sang his romances and his songs in the *cante hondo* in the streets. It was one of those rare moments in the history of the arts when the artist and the people are at one; and when one reflects that *cante hondo* has been defined as a compound of the " philosophical desperation of the Arab, the religious desperation of the Jew, and the social desperation of the gypsy," it seems to have been no accident that the modern revival of that kind of ballad in Spain should have preceded the rising of the Spanish people against treachery above and invasion from abroad. Mr. A. L. Lloyd has translated several of the later poems of Lorca and has written an intelligent introduction. The Spanish and the English texts stand side by side. It is notoriously difficult for a foreigner to receive the full force of foreign poetry, and if Mr. Lloyd's translations have the admitted weakness of being inadequate to the sonorousness of " the lordly language of Castile," this is inevitable. He has kept at least to the literal which, unless the translator is a poet of genius himself, is the best thing to do. A rhetorical poet like Roy Campbell might have managed better and saved us from the anti-climaxes of translation which sometimes salvage meaning at expense of sound. Actually, I think *Preciosa and the Wind* and especially *The Faithless Wife* come off better than *The Lament*. But it is astonishing how good Mr. Lloyd is when he is good and the Spanish is straightforward:

> I want to see here men of hard voice,
> those who break horses and who tame the rivers;
> men of sonorous skeleton, and who sing
> with a mouth full of sun and flints.

In rhetoric, imagery and realism, the Spaniards with their " method of passion " attain startling if isolated effects which we haven't seen since the days of our Elizabethans.

V. S. PRITCHETT

ANTI-HUMANISM

Circle. Edited by J. L. MARTIN, BEN NICHOLSON and N. GABO. *Faber.* 21s.

This book, which contains some 120 photographs of painting, sculpture and architecture, and a couple of dozen articles, is a manifesto, representative of one current tendency in visual art. Its immediate source is the " functional " architecture of Corbusier, Gropius and their rivals, which has apparently influenced painters like Mondrian and sculptors like Gabo. More profoundly, this art may be considered the natural outcome of the machine-age. Men invented engines to save their labour and increase their wealth. But the means have now become an end. And not only are machines now worshipped as beautiful, but men seek themselves to resemble their idols. The Totalitarian State is ideally a society of which every member acts as mechanically as a valve or a piston, discarding all individuality. The modern boy's passionate enthusiasm for wireless and motor bicycles which he treats as ends, makes him accept a conception of society which treats him merely as means. Man, it seems, has evolved from the unreasoning beast only to become the unreasoning machine. I know of no spectacle more inhuman and more disgusting than

the demonstrations of drill organised in Nuremberg and Moscow, of which this book shows the aesthetic equivalents. In Germany, it is true, "modernistic" art of all sorts is indiscriminately condemned as Bolshevistic; and in Russia it is similarly condemned as *bourgeois*. (Probably the personal taste of the two dictators, who in this respect are remarkably similar, is responsible for this.) But the rigidity and conformism cherished by the Totalitarian States would find a perfect expression in the geometrical inventions illustrated in this book. These artists pursue and achieve impersonality, and their work is as arid as a parade-ground. Ruskin said "The circle is the ugliest of all curves." One might add that the art of which *Circle* is the manifesto is the dullest of all arts.

In fact rigid geometrical forms can be used to make beauty. A Doric temple is constructed with curves of extreme subtlety, but could be exactly described in mathematical terms. But there was within it the statue of a god, and there were figures on its frieze and in its Gothic architecture (which was much more "functional") evolved largely as a scaffolding to support anthropomorphic sculpture and stained glass. Geometrical beauty in fact is inferior, or rather subservient, to the beauty which is specifically human. An aeroplane or a bridge lacks all the vices of bad art, but also lacks the highest virtues of good art: its aesthetic excellences are mainly negative.

In architecture a reformation has been necessary. In the nineteenth century architecture disappeared from Europe, and we have had to begin again. Corbusier, whom I take to be the greatest living architect, has a Calvinistic turn of mind, but has, in fact, never been a true functionalist. He insists that beauty is something beyond practical fitness, and has written of Greek, Byzantine and Renaissance buildings with the admiration they deserve. (His farm, undoubtedly, is aesthetically the best object illustrated in this book.) His less intelligent disciples have imitated his puritanism without sharing his sensibility. And even when they talk of functionalism, they design buildings which in fact are unfunctional, because ill-adapted to the climate. (Immensely large windows and flat roofs have become a cliché and an imposition.) The vulgarity of Oxford Street and the squalor of Peacehaven are symptoms of capitalist chaos and incompetence, but the termitaries designed by functionalist architects are equally unworthy of the species which has produced Shakespeare and Beethoven and Michelangelo.

When painters and sculptors are so muddle-headed as to use the geometrical forms which are proper to architecture, the results are merely boring and silly. Picasso, Braque and the other Cubist painters (who are represented in this book) have never sunk into geometry. Messrs. Mondrian, Ben Nicholson and Moholy Nagy making their objects, more or less tastefully, with ruler and compass are like children playing trains. Machines exist to transmit power, works of art to transmit emotion. But what can be the point of something that looks like a machine, and that transmits neither power nor emotion?

If the illustrations in this book are insignificant, the text is, for the most part, nonsensical. Mr. Herbert Read, whose intellect is, if I may venture to say so, conspicuously superior to his aesthetic sensibility, writes interestingly about conceptual art, but it is too evident that words are not the natural medium of most of these writers. Let me quote from Mr. Ben Nicholson:

> It must be understood that a good idea is exactly as good as it can be universally applied, that no idea can have a universal application which is not solved in its own terms, and if any extraneous elements are introduced the application ceases to be universal.
>
> "Painting" and "religious experience" are the same thing. It is a question of the perpetual motion of a right idea.

If I were given a box of paints, or a chisel and a block of marble, I could not produce anything more meaningless than those sentences. And as writers Miss Barbara Hepworth and Mr. Gabo and many of the others are no more competent than Mr. Nicholson. These "Constructive Artists," as they call themselves, are goose-stepping up one blind alley, while the Surrealists lurch up another in the opposite direction. Meanwhile the real artists, like Picasso, Matisse, Braque, Bonnard, Rouault, go on magnificently painting. In the younger generation, it is true, we cannot find their equivalent, and the next great painter who does appear will, no doubt, be very different from any of these. But he will be neither a geometrician, like Mondrian, nor a mere illustrator, like Dali. For the qualities we admire in Picasso and Matisse are fundamentally the qualities we admire at Athens and Ravenna, in Giotto, in Rubens, in Chardin and in Cézanne—the plastic expression of personal and human emotion. R.M.

A GLOOMY PROPHECY

The Fight for Our National Intelligence. By R. B. CATTELL. *King*. 8*s*. 6*d*.

Recent work of the population experts has already familiarised us with the notion that our population is well on the road to a rapid decline. To these gloomy forecasts is now added the still gloomier prophecy of the eugenic psychologist. In this book Dr. Cattell sets out to draw attention to the "veritable writing on the wall, which should call to its senses any nation with a spark of purpose still left." Unless something drastic is done, in three hundred years from now, he asserts, half the population (whatever its size) will be mentally defective. It is no wonder that Major Darwin in his introduction calls despairingly for a rebuttal of an argument whose fallacies he himself cannot see. It should not be difficult to put Major Darwin's mind at rest.

The thesis of the book is as follows. On an average, smaller families are found to possess a higher intelligence than larger. Individuals from small families necessarily provide an ever-diminishing proportion of the population. Since intelligence is inherited, the inescapable conclusion is that the "national" or average intelligence must decline. This result is supported by the evidence of intelligence tests applied to 3,734 children in town and country. It is also based on three major assumptions. First, that intelligence is in fact inherited in simple fashion. Secondly, that differential fertility is a permanent feature of our society, and finally that the association of low average intelligence with high fertility is not explicable by social causes.

Dr. Cattell is dogmatic on the first point. But his contention that children with high intelligence are the offspring of parents with high intelligence could equally well be used to support the environmentalist's case. He ignores the significant work of American psychologists such as Freeman, Holzinger and Mitchell, who have demonstrated the modifying influence of changes in environment on the intelligence of children, even at comparatively late ages. On the question of differential fertility, Dr. Cattell is equally dogmatic. "Under every system of civilisation yet known, there has been an ineradicable tendency for the population to be recruited increasingly from the sub-men." We know of no scientific evidence to support this statement. On the contrary, there are distinct signs that differential fertility rates at different social levels, which is a characteristic of the present phase of our industrial civilisation, is no more than a temporary phenomenon. A number of recent enquiries conducted in various parts of Europe support this conclusion. But it is the third argument that is most open to challenge. No natural scientist would venture Dr. Cattell's conclusions on the basis of experiments carried out under the conditions he describes. How can any connection between family size and intelligence be inferred unless the social environment is strictly controlled? Apart from separating urban and rural districts, no such control was exercised. At present children of larger families are generally drawn from what are termed "lower" social strata. Whatever may be the reason, children of "higher" social status tend, on the average, to score better on intelligence tests. Thus a connection between high fertility of parents and low intelligence of offspring must from the nature of the case be found when a mixed social group is examined. But such a connection might be equally due to social as to innate causes. The only conclusive test would be to consider the relation between family size and intelligence *within* more or less homogeneous social groups. This Dr. Cattell has omitted. A recent analysis by the reviewer, of a sample almost three times the size of Dr. Cattell's, shows that when homogeneous groups are examined, neither the poorest nor the wealthiest section of the community exhibits any such connection, though it is evident in some of the intermediate strata. In these circumstances, the phenomenon must be due to social causes peculiar to these groups only, and cannot be inherent in origin.

The whole structure of Dr. Cattell's argument, therefore, falls to the ground. There is no proof of the simple inheritance of intelligence (indeed no final proof will be forthcoming until a more equalised society renders possible the standardisation of environmental influences); differential fertility, on which Dr. Cattell's pessimism about the future is based, is diminishing; and there is no necessary connection between family size and intelligence. But evidence of the influence of environmental factors on intelligence does exist. Eugenists would be well advised to turn their attention to this problem. Measures to stimulate birth-rates have proved singularly ineffective to date.

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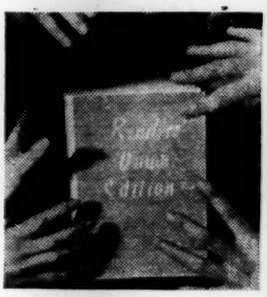

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PEARL MOSHINSKY

A KINGDOM OF REASON?

Denmark. By AGNES ROTHERY. *Faber and Faber.* 12s. 6d.

An American visitor to Denmark has attempted the difficult task of writing a guide-book which would also contain a critical appreciation of Danish institutions and the Danish people. The result is a very comprehensive introductory account which could be read with profit by the more inquisitive type of tourist who is really anxious to learn something of the social economy and achievements of an enlightened modern community. The great mass of factual information has been selected with commendable accuracy and judgment apparently very largely from the official handbook published in English by the Danish Ministry of Foreign Affairs, which discusses the same matters with greater authority.

Denmark emerges from Miss Rothery's pages as a modern Paradise in which Reason reigns supreme. She describes with great enthusiasm the well-known features of the triumph of the small farmer and of agricultural co-operation, the advanced system of social legislation and the industrial and commercial achievements of the Danish people. The record is panoramic. The folk high-schools, the arts, the régime of liquor control, the colonial administration in Greenland and the tension in South Jutland each find their place in the general picture. Here and there current controversies are mentioned, but so lightly as to suggest their unimportance in the daily life of the community.

In the midst of so much folly and reaction Denmark undoubtedly stands out, with Norway and Sweden, as a beacon of wisdom and progress. The average standard of living is at present adequate to satisfy the more immediate human needs and the relatively very modest scale of the demand for luxuries. In normal times, too, the population enjoys a high degree of social security, and on all sides there is evidence of taste and enterprise. All of this is very true. But it is perhaps inevitable in an account of this kind that false impressions should be created. Attention is concentrated on describing what appear from above to be firmly established institutions and habits, while the processes of disturbance and change which are going on beneath are neglected. It is also unfortunate that Miss Rothery is least happy when she is dealing with the problems of economic policy and organisation, upon the solution of which the social welfare of Denmark depends in a very large measure. No reference at all is made to current constitutional and political questions.

There are strong grounds for suggesting that the Danish State is in a far less enviable position than this book suggests. The highly specialised system of dairy farming, which in a relatively liberal world was the principal means of raising Denmark to her present high level, is showing signs of ceasing to be so satisfactory a basis for the social welfare of a defenceless country in a world bemused by ideas of self-sufficiency and bilateralism. The evidence is to be seen in the economic difficulties of the farmers, in the reluctance of the rising generation of the countryside to undertake farming (for other reasons the price of land continues to be maintained), in the decline of the agricultural folk high-school movement, in the sustained demand for a reduction of the agricultural mortgage debt and the appearance of differential price-levels for the domestic and export markets.

Relief from difficulties for which a stupid British and a ruthless German commercial policy are mainly responsible, is now being sought in the extension and diversification of Danish industry behind the protective façade of the Exchange Control (*Valuta Centralen*). Miss Rothery refers casually to the difference of view between industry and agriculture, but she has clearly not grasped its significance as a sign of the silent social revolution which is now going on in Denmark; for the consequence of this policy is not only a drastic restriction of the range of consumer's choice (many commodities previously in general demand are now either unobtainable or where a small supply is available beyond the means of all save a minority), but also the undermining of a social system which has rested upon the predominance of agriculture. How far the policy will in the long run afford any relief is open to doubt. A stage of development may have already been reached and passed when a country which is almost without industrial raw materials is only increasing the dependence of its system of production upon the possession of the means to purchase the necessary supplies from abroad.

Indeed, on major questions the final impression left by the book is one of an extreme superficiality which the charming descriptions of places and people cannot destroy. This criticism would be out of place if Miss Rothery had been content to write a mere guide-book, but she has deliberately chosen a more difficult path and her work must be judged by the standards imposed by her own choice.

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"English policy towards outside nations and events, as expressed in our daily and weekly Press, is the subject of this valuable book .... Students of recent history will find the collection of pre-War and war-inflamed utterances useful as psychological curiosities, with their baleful bearing upon the follies and crimes of post-War Europe."

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—*Listener.*

A HARRAP BOOK : 10/6 NET

MOUNTAINS AND MEN

The Ascent of Nanda Devi. By H. W. TILMAN. *Cambridge.* 12s. 6d.

The Ascent of Mount Stalin. By MICHAEL ROMM. *Lawrence and Wishart.* 7s. 6d.

Camp Six. By F. S. SMYTHE. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 18s.

Attack on Everest. By NEIL MACINTYRE. *Methuen.* 5s.

The Tadjikistan-Pamirs Expedition which climbed Mount Stalin planted up there an automatic meteorological station, the results obtained from which may conceivably be of some service to humanity; but that does not alter the fact that the motives involved in mountain climbing are most mysterious, and require explanation from the psychologist and the anthropologist. And though it may be skittles to the psycho-analyst, the queer animistic relationship existing between the climbers and the climbed (Mr. Tilman always refers to Nanda Devi as the Goddess, and Mr. MacIntyre calls Everest "She of the mountains") is too large a subject to attempt here. Why do they climb the mountains? "I wish I knew," writes Mr. F. S. Smythe in *Camp Six*, "only in discomfort,

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edited by J. L. Martin, Ben Nicholson, N. Gabo

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In Parenthesis

David Jones

Although only recently published this book has already been praised in glowing terms by Evelyn Waugh, Herbert Read, Desmond MacCarthy, Frank Richards, T. S. Eliot, A. W. Wheen, Humbert Wolfe and Storm Jameson. The following reviews are typical: TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT: 'The miracle is here—a book which we can accept as a true record of our suffering and as a work of art in the romantic tradition of Malory . . . one of the most remarkable literary achievements of our time.' JAMES AGATE: 'The best book thrown up by the war, and possibly the best we shall ever get—a magnificent writer.' 10/6

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in storm, in the beauty and grandeur of the mountains, we have discovered something very much worth while." This something is one of the great undefined elations, nameless and volatile. Like the M.F.H. the mountain climber loves and respects his quarry, but when the one is killed and the other climbed, there's nothing left to do but go home and read, write or talk about the exploits of the day. Mr. Smythe and Mr. H. W. Tilman took part in the events they describe; Mr. Romm was on the spot, but not one of the high altitude climbers; Mr. Neil MacIntyre is simply an historian with some inside knowledge of Himalayan attempts. Through all the books the refrain is technical: traverse, scree, moraine, piton, crampon—and there is endless talk about the porters. The porters themselves grin, smile, grin, smile, beam and collapse with mountain sickness. Someone died on each of the three expeditions that are described in detail. Higher up the mountains human relationships become more and more fuddled. The two who did not climb give vivid accounts of what the storming parties felt. The people who went high only recall slabs, traverses, frozen snow, food or the lack of it, the temperature and the wind. The thoughts and actions of two men huddled together on an ice ledge 28,000 feet above sea level are a subject worthy of Hemingway, but your first-rate mountaineer has his feelings too much in control to be aware of them. The loss of its only pound of tea by the Nanda Devi expedition is as illuminating as it is amusing, but schoolboy enthusiasm and circumlocutory facetiousness (a mountaineering speciality) allow few descriptions to be as lively as this. Both the Mount Stalin party and the Everest 1933 (*Camp Six*) expedition organised athletics at one time and another. The Russians were delighted to find the porters real "shock-workers," the British to discover that the little Sherpas had the most sportsmanlike instincts. *The Ascent of Nanda Devi* (the highest mountain in the British Empire and the highest ever climbed by man) seems to be the most readable of these books, though some may prefer the Stalinist idealism of *The Ascent of Mount Stalin*. Mr. Smythe and Mr. MacIntyre are both inclined to lyricise, but whereas Mr. Smythe, as becomes the greatest climber of his time, never lets go for long, Mr. MacIntyre, intoxicated by words and hypnotised by sentences, scales recklessly the dizziest and most purple heights of journalism. "The wise Tibetans," wrote Sir Francis Younghusband, "think that merely to climb a mountain cannot be the true object of these huge expeditions coming out from England year after year." The extraordinary innocence of Europeans has surprised other races before this, but hardly ever with such good cause. Next year there will be another expedition to Everest, the eighth, and probably another half-dozen books to celebrate it.

GRAHAM BELL

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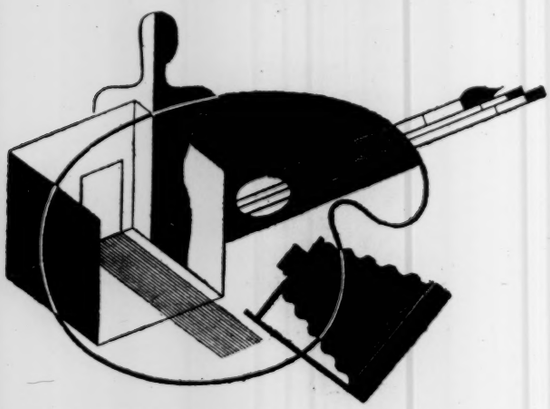

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ISAAC ROSENBERG

The Complete Works of Isaac Rosenberg. Edited by E. W. HARDING and GORDON BOTTOMLEY. *Chatto.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Isaac Rosenberg was 28 years old when he was killed in action on April 1st, 1918. He had been writing poetry since boyhood. Although his verse earned him praise from poets with whom he corresponded, he had no luck with editors. In 1922 a collection of his poems was edited by Gordon Bottomley; the volume soon went out of print and his name has been familiar only through the few war poems which have found their way into recent anthologies. These powerful, blunt descriptions of a time when, as he said, "Death could drop from the dark As easily as a song" were interesting and individual enough to make one want to know more of their author and his work, but the editors of *The Complete Works* have overdone their task and in "taking up every tatter'd fellow, every sudden ragge or fragment of speech" have produced a book so inclusive as to be more suitable for private circulation.

A great deal of the verse, which would certainly have been rejected by Rosenberg himself, and most of the prose, is not even particularly illustrative of his development, and their inclusion tends to bury what is of value amidst a mass of unimportance. But the letters are of great interest for the account they give of the poet's courageous struggle against adverse circumstances and unsympathetic patrons. There are also eight reproductions of his drawings and paintings.

As a poet Rosenberg's immaturity was prolonged and his early work, diffuse and romantic, makes a startling contrast to the war poems which, together with the two unfinished plays, represent the beginning of what would have been his achievement. It was not until he was twenty-five that he began to handle words in a truly individual manner—perhaps because it was during the war years that he first experienced emotions powerful enough to determine the form of their expression rather than to be moulded according to the uncertain literary judgment that could rate Francis Thompson's *Dream Tryst* above Donne's *Ecstasy*. There is an element of artificiality about even the most successful of his early sensuous lyrics, which is only a rare intruder in his later work. Compare:

> If you are fire and I am fire,
> Who blows the flame apart
> So that desire eludes desire
> Around the central heart?

with:

> But hark! joy—joy—strange joy.
> Lo! heights of night ringing with unseen larks.
> Music showering on our upturned list'ning faces.

In common with Beddoes, whom he resembles in such lines as:

> My name was wailed and all my tissues
> Untwined and fell apart.

Rosenberg combined an aptitude for beginning plays with an inability to finish them. During the last year of his life he was working at *The Unicorn*, and he had previously completed a sketch for a play called *Moses*, a subject which appealed to his strong racial and biblical sense. But he also shared with Beddoes an ignorance of what is possible on the stage and one feels that his genius could have been better employed than in these arduous attempts in a form he could not master.

Undoubtedly Rosenberg would have written some fine poetry if he had survived the war, and he might in time have overcome the technical imperfections, such as inexpert handling of rhyme, which are apparent even in his latest work. As it is, the war which took his life before he had fully developed his powers will also cause him to be remembered. *Break of Day in the Trenches, Dead Man's Dump, Returning, We Hear the Larks,* with their sudden unforgettable phrases, will form a part of the body of English poetry long after some of those contemporaries, to whom he gave his boyish enthusiasm, have been forgotten.

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THE DANUBE'S PROBLEM

Central Europe and the Western World. By DR. GERHARD SCHACHER. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s.

Dr. Schacher starts from a postulate which nobody who has any knowledge at all of Central European problems will care to deny: that the present state of affairs in which a number of small or middling-sized States seek to maintain armies and arms industries beyond their means against one another, and half-closed economic systems that are mutually ruinous, not only should not, but cannot, continue.

Short of a general Socialist revolution, there are three main solutions possible or likely as things stand to-day. The first, whose advocates keep fairly well behind the scenes, is that the Empire of the Habsburgs should be reconstituted over much the same area as before the war, but liberalised in its forms in relation both to classes and nationalities. It is indeed true that the abolition of irrational economic frontiers which it would effect has much to commend it; but Dr. Schacher is certainly right in saying that it would be a thoroughly reactionary step, impossible without war, and incapable, even if realised through war, of reconciling national jealousies. The Slav peoples of Central Europe have found their freedom, and it is fantastic to suppose that they would ever surrender it again without the most savage conflicts.

The second possibility is that German Imperialism absorbs the whole of Central and South-Eastern Europe into its own diplomatic and economic sphere. This can hardly be called a solution, because it would result in far greater internal social tensions and external inter-imperialist tensions than ever before, and would eventually produce a colossal explosion. But the economic pressure of Germany's great market and industrial organisation on most of these countries with their agrarian and raw material surpluses, backed up as it is by an enormous military machine, is a fact that cannot be wished away, and if the ambitious imperialists of Berlin and the Ruhr had financial power equivalent to their potentialities of industrial export and commodity consumption, Budapest, Belgrade, Sofia, and Bucharest might already have much the same relation to Berlin as Warsaw and Riga had to St. Petersburg in the old Tsarist days.

Fortunately, however, for the independence of the smaller States, and for the struggle of the democratic forces in Europe, it is with the West, with the "free" exchanges of London, Paris and New York, which were also the centres which provided loans in the first decade after the war, that Central European countries want to trade, rather than with Germany and with Italy, where war-conditions and depleted reserves are gradually strangling external trade in a tangle of clearing and barter regulations. Particularly the revival of England as a buyer is affecting the sentiment of traders. This, coupled with the monetary solidarity of England, America, and France, and the increased weight of English and French armaments, has given added authority to the advocates of the third solution for Central Europe's problems: the fostering of mutual trade among the smaller States themselves, supported by trade concessions from the West and possibly financial aid as well.

Dr. Schacher's book makes it clear that the obstacles in the way of such a solution are considerable, Hungarian revisionism being perhaps the chief politically, and the Ottawa trade walls economically. Nevertheless, since his book was written, a growing rapprochement between Austria and Czechoslovakia, and the strengthening of anti-Nazi forces in Hungary, show that the scheme is feasible and can be made to work if France and, particularly, England see that it is to their advantage and like to exert their influence.

It is this line of policy which it is the aim of Dr. Schacher's book to suggest, though on constructive points of detail he is disappointingly vague at times, and is apt to repeat his main theses without developing them. Dr. Schacher cannot be accused of propaganda in a crude sense—his arguments are too intelligent and his facts too telling—but nevertheless it is as well to remember in reading his book that it was originally issued by the official Czech publishing house. Having accepted the Little Entente's standpoint, he is inclined to see only good in what the Peace Treaties effected in Central Europe, and while rightly stressing, for instance, the Hungarian danger, minimises or forgets such dangers as that arising from the Serbian policy towards the Croats in Jugoslavia.

JOHN LEHMANN

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So Far So Good. By LEONARD MOSLEY. *Michael Joseph.* 10s. 6d.

From the outside this looks like another cocksure autobiography. Mr. Mosley looks back from his twenty-fourth birthday, but only over the last seven years, and for the two that are recorded in most detail, he is quite reasonably timid. From the autumn of 1931 to the summer of 1933 he was knocking about North America. In New York he lived the studio life in Greenwich village, and rose from running a "burlesque" theatre (specialising in strip-tease art) into writing for the "tabloid" or yellow press. The paper for which he worked had discovered that it was possible to print the most libellous gossip by casting it in the form of denials. Working on this precedent, Mr. Mosley mentions quite a lot of shocking things by disapproving of them. Brothels are referred to pretty often, and sex life among unemployed mill-workers in Pennsylvania and among share-croppers in the South, but one never loses sight of the fact that Mr. Mosley is a good journalist who has learnt to busy himself with only the simplest and most easily apprehended ideas. Mr. Mosley's tour through the United States is perhaps the most interesting part of his book, not so much for what he has to say about his Ford "Maud," the Grand Canyon, Hollywood, his lady friend or Mexican night-life, but for his observations on the social and economic situation in 1931. Since leaving America in 1933 he has travelled round looking for news. He was at the Hauptmann trial, in Alexandria during the Wafd trouble and at the raising of the *Kaiserin*. It is a pity that so much of his news is history.

The Earliest Cultures of Mediterranean Countries, Volume I. The Art of Ancient Crete. By H. TH. BOSSERT. *Zwemmer.* 12s. 6d.

The third edition of Professor Bossert's work on pre-Hellenic Aegean cultures contains 200 more pictures than the second edition (which has now been out of print for six years). Professor Bossert has been at great pains to weed out all suspected fakes from his book, and to indicate restorations and reconstructions where they occur. In his introduction he remarks that he hopes this book will be received "not as a picture book but as a pictorial report of a long vanished culture." This remark contains the clue to the character of his book, which is scholarly rather than artistic. This is not a book that everyone will want to possess, not even a very good starting-point for the study of Minoan and Mycenian art. The letterpress contains no historical or aesthetic reflections and is made up entirely of the driest kind of cross-references. For serious

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students, however, it is a work of the greatest importance. There are 572 illustrations and an excellent bibliography.

Julian the Apostate and the Rise of Christianity. By F. A. RIDLEY. *Watts.* 15*s.*

More a study in the decline of Rome than the rise of Christianity, Mr. Ridley's book argues that the Empire from its beginning was organised to exclude creative politics and could therefore only decline fast or slow according to the intelligence of the emperor and the bureaucracy. The only political salvation from the death grip of the Fascist Totalitarian State was a return to Greek democracy. So far so good: the political issues are clear enough and well argued, but the part played by religion is confused and prejudiced. Julian is held up as a cultural hero because he attacks Christianity and attempts to reintroduce a neo-Platonistic paganism as state religion. But Julian in fact was grossly superstitious and did not revert to democracy, so that a full-blooded rationalist like Mr. Ridley is merely prejudiced when he takes sides. The non-political element of the book is an attack on Christianity as vituperative as Tacitus's attack on the Empire.

A Beast Book for the Pocket. By EDMUND SANDERS. *Oxford University Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Sanders has already produced an excellent pocket handbook of British birds. The present volume deals on a similar plan with beasts, that is to say the vertebrates of Britain, wild and domestic, other than birds and fishes. There is a coloured plate, drawn to scale, for every species, and for every wild species a distributional map. The text gives the maximum of information in the minimum of space. The parts of the book devoted to mammals, reptiles and amphibians respectively are each prefaced by an appropriate short survey of the anatomy and physiology of these classes. The chief object of the book is to enable the field naturalist to identify what he sees, and this object the author successfully achieves.

My Father, Paul Gauguin. By POLA GAUGUIN. *Cassell.* 18*s.*

The title of this book might lead one to expect personal reminiscence, or at least some intimate knowledge of the artist by his youngest son who, we are told, is also a painter. We are disappointed. In 1885, Gauguin left his wife and four youngest children in the care of his Danish "in-laws" in order to devote all his energy to the business of painting. After three years in Paris, Brittany, and Martinique, Gauguin returned to Denmark for a short visit. Pola, who was then just seven, never saw his father again; nor has he, in writing this book, chanced upon any material not already in the possession of other biographers. This is, however, a sympathetic account, adequately translated from the Norwegian. Popular imagination may still be roused by the story of the stockbroker who gave up a prosperous career to become a painter, and abandoned Europe to search for a freer life in the South Seas, only to continue there his struggle against poverty, illness, and officialdom. For all his conviction, Gauguin never emerges as a really impressive artist. Time has already somewhat deadened the impact of his undoubted originality and his revolt against the "academy." The flamboyant colours of Tahiti gave new impetus to his painting, but failed somehow to deepen and mature it. The natives and their vaguely mystical religion offered him exotic subject matter—a little "ready-made." He was perhaps more of an artist immediately before he left France for Tahiti—1888–1890; but for his romantic flight, it is doubtful whether he would still excite so much interest and curiosity.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 385

Set by T. W. Earp

The usual prizes are offered for the best character, of not more than 250 words, in the manner of Earle or Overbury, of a snob, a bore or a faux bonhomme.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, August 6th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 383

Set by H. D. Waley

A first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea are offered for the best epitaphs on a swatted fly.

Report by H. D. Waley

The entries for this competition were numerous but meritorious. They would have served to adorn a very handsome cemetery-full of flies. The range of sentiment expressed was wide, from the humanitarian, "Here lies a little creature that has been suddenly laid flat—" to the vindictive, "Here lies in dust this horrid pest—." The only error at all common was too copious reference to the first person—the swatter—in the circumstances this led to a rather confusing formula. Most competitors caught the authentic epitaphic style quite happily and inclination would suggest more numerous quotations than space permits. I cannot, however, resist the verisimilitude and smooth versification of

> Whose simple heart might no distinction keep
> Twixt lordly tables and the garbage heap.

The pun "what's swat" was naturally extremely popular and, after considerable hesitation, I suggest that the first prize be divided between "Little Billee," who brought it off most successfully, and Frank Adam; and the second to "Bet Flint." But there was little to choose between these and a host of other entries. As the Western Brothers have it, "Jolly good show, chaps!"

FIRST PRIZE (1)

In this forgotten corner lies
One of the flyest of the flies.
Yet all his cleverness could not
Teach him to recognise what's swat.
And so he's gone. What god will take the trouble
To care for flies? Not even Beelzebub'll!

LITTLE BILLEE

FIRST PRIZE (2)

Trumpet his violent death abroad; it shows
Who live by blowing rightly die by blows.

FRANK ADAM

SECOND PRIZE

Let him who passes by on wing elate
Take counsel from a fallen comrade's fate.
The sternest citadels guard fairest lands,
And baldest heads are kept by swiftest hands.

BET FLINT

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All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

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COMEDY. Busman's Honeymoon. Tues., Fri., & Aug. 2.

DUKE of YORK'S. Black Limelight. W., Sat.

GARRICK. Sarah Simple. Mon., Thurs.

GLOBE. They Came By Night. Wed., Thur.

HIS MAJESTY'S. Balalaika. Wed. & Sat.

LYRIC. Victoria Regina. Wed. & Thurs.

PHOENIX. Judgment Day. Thurs., Sat.

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Thurs., Sat.

STRAND. A Spot of Bother. Thursdays.

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. Thurs., Sat.

WYNDHAM'S. George & Margaret. W., Th.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

RATES FOR "SMALLS" are given on page 204 of this issue. All advertisements should be prepaid.

INDEX

An Index to Volume XIII is now ready. It will be sent to postal subscribers, free of charge, on application; and for one shilling, post free, to other readers.

HOLIDAYS

Subscribers are reminded that Change of Address instructions should reach this office by first post Wednesday morning.

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CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 239.—THE BOWLING MATCH

"The bowls idea is a good one. But couldn't you give us something a little more complicated?"—Extract from a letter.

"Tom, Dick and I," said Harry, "were playing bowls over the week-end. Each against each. We had three games, each of eleven ends."

"And what were the conditions?"

"Very much as in your problem, *Plymouth Hoe*. We played with four woods each. At any one end only one player could score. If he had one winning wood, he scored 1 point; if two winning woods, 3 points; if three winning woods, 6 points; and if four winning woods, 10 points."

"Any money on it?"

"Yes; we agreed to settle, each against each, on the basis of one shilling a point."

"And what was the result?"

"Ah!" said Harry. "That's where you're going to get interested. In each of the three games the number of woods that scored was the same: twenty. But their distribution, among the eleven ends constituting the game, was different in each case."

"And who won the money?"

"No one. When it came to settling up, no money changed hands on any one of the three games."

"I see," said I (though, in point of fact, I didn't see very much). "I presume," I went on, "that, taking the three games together, each of you won at eleven ends?"

"You presume wrong, then," said Harry. "Tom and Dick each won at the same number of ends; my total, however, was different."

How many ends did Harry win? And what were his winning scores in each of the three games?

PROBLEM 237.—ANDERSON'S BRAINWAVE

By *The Rt. Hon. F. W. Pethick-Lawrence, M.P.*

Let x be the number of holes in which A and I take the same number of strokes.

Let y " " " A takes more strokes than I.

Let z " " " A takes one stroke less than I.

Let w " " " A takes two or more strokes less than I.

Then, in the match as we played it, I won $x + y$ holes and A won $z + w$ holes.

$\therefore x + y - z - w =$ a positive *even* integer say $2a$ .. .. (i)

(As there were no halved holes.)

Now suppose that of the x holes x_1 are odd holes, x_2 even holes.

" " " " z holes z_1 are odd holes, z_2 even holes.

Then if I had a stroke on each of the even holes, A would have won $z_1 + w$, I should have won $x_2 + y$ and we should have halved $x_1 + z_2$.

$\therefore z_1 + w - x_2 - y =$ a positive integer say b .. .. (ii)

If I had received a stroke on each of the odd holes A would have won $z_2 + w$, I should have won $x_1 + y$ and we should have halved $x_2 + z_1$.

$\therefore z_2 + w - x_1 - y =$ a positive integer say c .. .. .. (iii)

Adding (ii) and (iii) $z + 2w - x - 2y = b + c$ .. .. (iv)

$\therefore$ From (i) and (iv) $w - y = 2a + b + c$

and $x - z = 4a + b + c$.

Now we know that $x + y + z + w = 18$

And also that y is not less than 1

and z is not less than 3

$\therefore$ Since a and b and c are all positive integers

$x = 9$

$w = 5$

$y = 1$

$z = 3$

The number of level holes was 9.

PROBLEM 236.—MR. GAMBITT'S TOURNAMENT

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: A. J. Beamish, 14 Brook Green, W.6.

Six points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

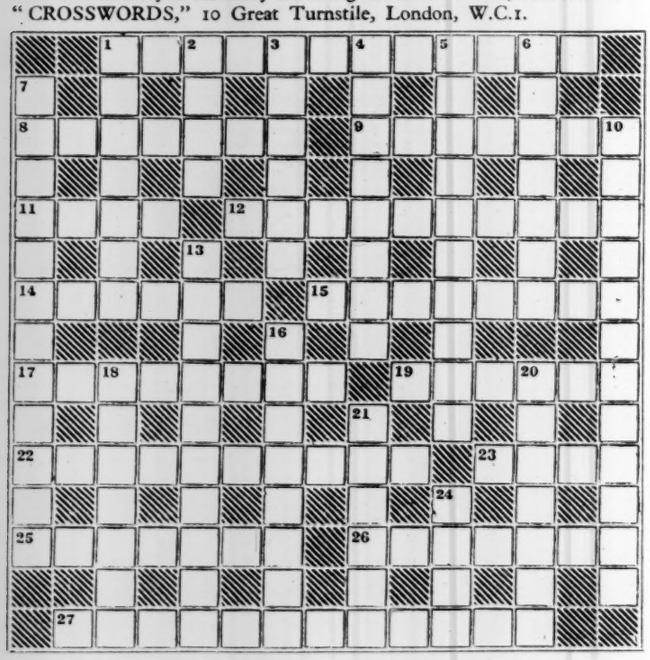
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 386

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

Mr. Angus C. Livingstone, Kinneil, Bo'ness, West Lothian.

ACROSS

1 Equivalent to defriended. (12)

8. It comes to a dead end financially. (7)

9. It's the bishop's job to corroborate. (7)

11. It usually makes ends meet. (4)

12. Skill unattainable by the left-handed. (10)

14. Men haven't quite the guts for this. (6)

15. He must start with a tee. (8)

17. A likely way to look. (8)

19. They must stick at their job. (6)

22. How a new broom makes a black worker white. (10)

23. A collection of old letters. (4)

25. Part of the highest pitch. (7)

26. A diseased twist. (7)

27. Picturesque record of those who've joined up for life. (12)

DOWN

1. One could hardly discover anything like this indoors. (7)

2. I was in Aix during a disturbance. (4)

3. One day in which people were drowned. (6)

4. I can't hoe with this. (8)

5. A wet hole on the golf course. (10)

6. Formerly one little gentleman. (7)

7. In these competitions there can be no runners-up of course. (12)

10. Musical address from the staff to the lady of the house? (12)

13. Foreigners who play about in the open. (10)

16. Any local train from London. (8)

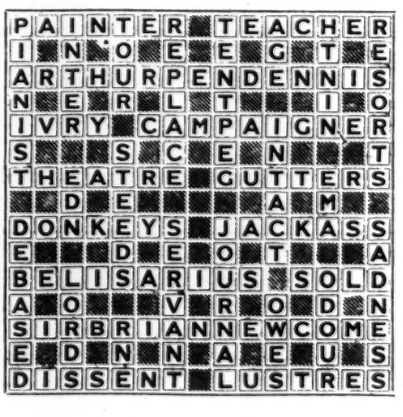
18. An aspiring architectural feature. (7)

20. He was chief of no party. (7)

21. He seems to have qualified for half his pilot's certificate—by wood cutting. (6)

24. Second to 25. (4)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



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ASHDOWN FOREST, TYES, Nutley, Sussex. Country House in 6 acres; 600 ft. up, lovely views; modern comforts; attractive meals and service you will appreciate. From 3 *gns.* weekly. Nutley 85.

HAPPY holiday for boys and girls on sea front with Mrs. Corkhill (trained nurse), Sun Lodge School, Aldeburgh. After August 26th. Also vacancies for next school term.

ASHDOWN FOREST.—Unique guest house, off main road. Lovely views, unspoilt country. Riding, walking, golf. Aga cooking, running water, modern beds. 4 *gns.* weekly, 3½ *gns.* monthly, 35s. week-ends, 42 miles London. Main line one mile, trains met. BOXHOLM, Buxted, Sussex. Telephone: Buxted 248.

WENSLEYDALE. Guest-house for energetic or restful holidays. Garage. Garden. Good centre for walks or motoring. Near moors. WARNFORD, Thoralby, Aysgarth, Leyburn, Yorks.

ISLE OF WIGHT. Sun bathing, country mansion in 23 acres. H. and c. water, elec. light, modern sanitation, own sea shore, safe bathing, S.B. enclosures, tennis. Brochure, N.S. & N., Woodside, Wootton, I.W.

L.B.C. "Netherwood," The Ridge, Hastings, is the "Left" Guest House with modern comfort and cuisine. Four woodland acres. Tennis. Dance hall. Write for illustrated brochure or 'phone Baldslow 19.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Crowborough, Sussex. ELIZABETH STRACHAN. Crowborough 224.

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SUSSEX Downs and Sea. Riding, tennis, golf. From White Lodge Hotel, Crowborough Road, Saltdean. Rottingdean 9614.

A HOLIDAY of real refreshment amid the beauty and peace of SANDY BALLS WOOD, edge New Forest. Furnished chalets. Camp sites. Sun and river bathing. Provision store. Ideal for children. Apply HARROD, Godshill, Fordingbridge.

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CORNISH RIVIERA, Green Bank Hotel, Fowey. Ideal position facing South. H. & C. and electric fires bedrooms. Moderate Tariff. Proprietor. 'Phone 63.

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"LITTLEMEAD" Country House Hotel, acres of beautiful grounds, riding, tennis, dancing. From 3 *gns.* weekly. Littlemead, Nutley, Sussex. 'Phone Nutley 99.

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NEAR Dieppe. Grand Hotel, BERNEVAL sur mer. Picturesque country. Good bathing and sands. Tennis in own garden. Food specially good. Pension 35–45 frcs. Personal recommendations.

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5 HARLEY RD., Hampstead, N.W.3. Bed-sitting room with large balcony. Inset basin, constant hot water, garden; 3 mins. tube and buses. Very quiet road; 2 *gns.* week, bed and breakfast. Primrose 2973.

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COUNTRY cottage against Ivinghoe Hills, Bucks, 3 bedrooms, 2 living rooms, garage, electric. Two acres of orchard. £875 freehold. THORNTON, Pitstone, nr. Leighton Buzzard, or 'phone MUS 4616.

UNFURNISHED, Swiss Cottage, close Embassy Theatre; delightful large redec. rooms or studios. Beautiful garden, every comfort, service and meals available, 17s. 6d. to 25s. With kitchenette, 22s. 6d. to 27s. 6d. North and South aspect. 117 Fellowes Road, N.W.3. Prim. 3680.

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SOUTH CORNWALL.—Prah Sands. To let furnished, sunny, detached house, overlooking beach. Thoroughly well appointed. Plate, linen, china. Electric light, Company's water. 2 reception, 7 bed. (h. & c. basins), bath, 2 w.c.s. MRS. TREZISE, Prah Sands, Marazion.

BLOOMSBURY. Attractive flat available furnished August/September, 3½ *gns.* weekly. Bedroom, lounge, bathroom, kitchen. Write 52 Witley Court, Woburn Place, W.C.1.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

IRAQ LOAN—GOLD SHARES—HOME RAILS—U.S. UTILITIES—COURTAULDS

BUSINESS in stocks and shares broadened perceptibly this week—in spite of the unpopular three weeks' account—and at times the pace of the advance in shipping shares, to which I drew attention last week, became almost hectic. Even the gold share market carried off a convincing recovery. It speaks well for the City's devotion to duty (or is it merely the weather?) that Baring Brothers should have chosen the holiday season to float a loan for the Government of Iraq. It is only a small loan—£1,000,000—and although it is to be devoted ostensibly to the extension of a railway, it is surely designed primarily to establish a credit rating for the Government of this new and independent kingdom in the Near East hotbed. The terms are 4½ per cent. at 94 with an option to redeem at 102 during 1942–47 and at par thereafter, final redemption being secured in January, 1952, by the operation of a 5 per cent. sinking fund applied half-yearly. A flat yield of £4 15*s.* 9*d.* per cent. and a redemption yield of £5 1*s.* 8*d.* per cent. hardly seem adequate compensation for the political risks involved, but the financial "cover" is handsome. The Iraq Government has no public debt, other than temporary ways and means advances, and the service of these 4½ per cent. Bonds (of which a total of £3,000,000 can be issued) is secured as a first charge on the oil revenues, amounting to £360,000 (gold) net royalty payable by the Iraq Petroleum Company and £200,000 (gold) dead rent payable by the British Oil Development Company. The Iraq Petroleum Company has even been requested to pay its royalty direct to Baring Brothers in London, to the extent required by the agents of the loan. What more could be desired except a country which is not Middle East?

* * *

But to return to gold shares. If he is satisfied that Governments will not change the price of gold, the investor has only to consider the adverse effect of a rise in costs, and he cannot fail to be impressed by the fact that most of the leading mines can raise their grade of ore to offset that contingency. The operating companies now return handsome dividend yields which should attract the genuine investor—for the short view, if not for the long. Here are some examples:

	1937. High.	1937. Low.	Present Price.	Div. Rate %	*Gross Yield £ s. d.
Crown Mines 10/- ..	17	11 11/16	13 1/4	180	7 15 9
Brakpan 5/-	3 3/8	2	2 5/32	60	6 18 9
Sub-Nigel 10/- ..	14	8 1/2	9 11/16	150	8 17 0
Randfontein £1 ..	76/6	43/1 1/2	2 3/8	22 1/2	9 15 6
Cons. Main Reef £1 ..	4 3/8	3 3/8	3 11/16	27 1/2	8 10 6
E. Rand Props. 10/- ..	84/3	51/10 1/2	3 1/16	35	6 10 3

* Equivalent gross after allowing for Dominion Income Tax relief.

It is said that Crown Mines could raise their grade of ore sufficient to effect a rise in operating costs of even 20 per cent.

* * *

Stockholders have no cause for complaint at the interim statements of the Southern and the L.N.E.R. Gross railway receipts in the case of the S.R. are up by £338,000 and expenditure by £188,000 or 56 per cent. of the gross gain, while net miscellaneous receipts are £60,000 higher. Thus total net revenue shows an improvement of £210,000, which represents nearly ¾ per cent. on the Deferred stock. Even allowing for the fact that the traffic increase may reflect, in part, a non-recurrent Coronation windfall, the figures are encouraging and justify the directors' decision to declare a 2 per cent. interim on the Preferred stock, which has risen to £94¼. Even more impressive is the L.N.E.R. statement. Expenditure has risen by £451,900, but this represents less than 40 per cent. of an advance of £1,222,400 in gross railway receipts plus net miscellaneous receipts—the two items unfortunately being lumped together in the statement. The total net gain of £770,500 is the equivalent of rather more than 1 per cent. on the Second Preference, and the stock rose on the news to £29, from £26¾. Last year's distribution was ½ per cent. The 4 per cent. First Preference, which got its dividend in full last year, has advanced 1¼ to £74½.

* * *

A further piece of welcome news to stockholders has come in the shape of further prospective gains in gross receipts resulting from higher charges. The Railway Rates Tribunal has sanctioned an increase of 5 per cent. (with certain minor exceptions) in main line fares and goods rates, to date from October 1. Suburban passenger fares in the London Passenger Transport Area are not affected. In his evidence before the Tribunal, Sir Ralph Wedgwood estimated that the 5 per cent. increase would raise gross receipts of the four lines by possibly £7,500,000, distributed as follows: L.M.S., £3,200,000; L.N.E.R., £2,300,000; G.W.R., £1,300,000; S.R., £700,000. In the first complete year of the new charges, he suggested, net revenue might be £41 millions, or 20 per cent. less than the standard revenue of £51 millions allowed under the Railway Act of 1921. On the basis of these calculations there is talk in the market of a 3 per cent. dividend on L.M.S., 4½ per cent. on G.W.R., 1½ per cent. on L.N.E.R. Second Preference, and at least 1 per cent. on Southern Deferred. Stockholders should not be unduly optimistic. Sir Ralph Wedgwood's estimate apparently allowed for a certain loss of traffic, but it should be borne in mind that if the railwaymen's pre-1931 conditions are restored—and the increase in charges greatly strengthens their case—the cost to the companies will be about £600,000 this year, and nearly £2,500,000 in a full year. Moreover, having regard to the fact that a number of contracts for fuel, stores and materials made at lower prices may still be running, the railways have probably not yet felt the full brunt of rising costs. The market appeared on Wednesday to have discounted the increased charges in advance, and early gains were not held. L.N.E.R. Second Preference closed at £30 and L.M.S. Ordinary at £35.

* * *

The defeat of the Supreme Court Bill brought Utilities into greater favour in Wall Street. As I have more than once pointed out in this column, sales of electric power and light are eminently satisfactory at present in the U.S.A., and earnings yields are attractive at present prices. For example the North American Company, whose stock is now quoted at $28, has just declared net earnings of $2.01 per share for the year to June 30, against $1.52 a year ago. On the assumption that the setback to the President in the matter of the Court Bill will mean the abandonment of all attempts by the Administration to secure a tighter hold over the power industry, leading stocks look good for a 20 per cent. rise. But is the assumption warranted? After its initial enthusiasm, Wall Street was inclined to reflect that two more "Conservative" members of the Supreme Court are likely to resign in the autumn, thus giving the President a seven to two majority of "Liberals" in the Court. Possibilities of radical legislation during the two remaining years of Mr. Roosevelt's tenure of office cannot yet be ruled out. On the other hand, the considerable section of the Democratic majority both in Congress and the Senate which is increasingly out of sympathy with the New Deal has had its hands greatly strengthened. Utilities failed to hold early gains, but a recovery is well on the cards.

* * *

Courtaulds £1 ordinary stock units are remarkably steady at 51*s.* 6*d.* (not far from the lowest level of the year, and some 10*s.* below the high level of 1936) and on the basis of this year's larger interim dividend of 3½ per cent., plus last year's final of 7 per cent., yield exactly 4 per cent. Unless the rate of interest is to rise considerably above the present level of 3½ per cent., Courtaulds' equity shares, with their fine prospects and "gilt-edged" security, seem reasonably cheap on this yield basis. There are various points telling immediately in their favour. In the first place, sales are increasing both at home and abroad. In the first six months of this year British exports of rayon yarns (of which Courtaulds take the lion's share) amounted to 5,700,000 lbs., against 3,200,000 lbs. in the corresponding half of 1936. Courtaulds have apparently been taking trade away from France, Italy and Japan in overseas markets. In the second place the earnings of its American subsidiary, the American Viscose Corporation, have risen sharply. "Fortune" recently published an illuminating article on the operations of this company, showing that its sales in 1936 were $57,600,000, against $48,300,000 in 1935, and its net profits $11,300,000 against $4,400,000 (a rise of 157 per cent.). Courtaulds' 90 per cent. holding in the American Viscose accounts for the bulk of its investments in subsidiaries, which are put in the balance sheet at over £18,000,000. Finally, the financial strength of the company is enormous (Government bonds and cash amounting to £16 millions), and Mr. S. Courtauld did allow a slight increase in the interim dividend. The optimists are going for a total dividend of 11 per cent. for 1937—a yield of £4 4*s.* 6*d.* per cent. at the present market price. They may not be wrong.

Company Meeting

SCRIBBANS AND COMPANY

EFFECT OF HIGHER PRICES

MR. PHILIP E. HILL'S ADDRESS

THE tenth Annual General Meeting of Scribbans and Company, Limited, was held on July 27th at the Hotel Victoria, London.

Mr. Philip E. Hill (the Chairman) presided, and said (in part): Last year when I had the pleasure of meeting you I told you how the rise in the price of raw materials had adversely affected our profits, and I expressed the personal opinion that we were going to see a further rise. Unfortunately this has proved correct, with the result that our profit on trading for the year now under review, including dividends from subsidiary companies and other investments, amounted to £150,085, which compares with £193,348 for last year.

This setback in our profits has been entirely due to the higher prices for the commodities we use, coupled with increased labour costs. So far we have been unable to pass on any portion of this extra cost to the consumer. Scribbans's products have a high reputation for quality, and this the directors are determined to maintain. This policy, of course, is at the moment an expensive one, but we are satisfied that it is the soundest to pursue in the best interests of the business.

NEED FOR CONCERTED ACTION

The obvious solution of our difficulties, of course, would be to make some slight increase in the price to the consumer, and this, I feel certain, will ultimately have to be done, but so far it has been found impossible to obtain concerted action throughout the trade. In the meantime we may in all probability have to experience a further rise in the price of commodities. These remarks apply mainly to the business of Scribbans. I am satisfied with the prospects of our subsidiaries.

TRIBUTE TO SELLING ORGANISATION

The large number of new accounts opened during the year speaks volumes for the ability and energy of our selling organisation, and I should like to take this opportunity of personally thanking them for what they have done and are continuing to do. (Hear, hear.) I regret that I am unable to speak more encouragingly with regard to the profit outlook in the forthcoming year, but this, of course, is due to conditions which we cannot control, but I feel confident that the expansion of our business will be maintained.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

Company Meeting

FURNESS, WITHY & COMPANY

THE forty-sixth Annual General Meeting of Furness, Withy & Co., Ltd., was held on July 27th in London, E.C.

The Lord Essendon (the Chairman) said (in part): The profit and loss account reflected the improvement which had set in in 1935, and continued quietly throughout 1936. As a result, there was a profit for the year after providing for expenses of every description of £544,744, an improvement of approximately £130,000. A dividend of 3 per cent. per annum, less income tax, was recommended on the ordinary capital of the company.

Since the close of their financial year they and their associated companies had increased their investment in the Royal Mail Lines, Ltd. The directors were satisfied that this investment would be the means of expanding the company's interests in a profitable manner.

Their subsidiary companies consisted of fourteen, of which six were shipowning companies and eight were other than shipowning, and although four of the shipping companies had paid no dividend on their ordinary capital last year, they had been able quite materially to strengthen their positions and add to their internal resources.

It was an obvious deduction from the facts and figures before shareholders that shipping had experienced a considerable improvement in the past year. However, lest he be regarded as over-optimistic, he had to point out that operating costs had advanced in practically every direction. All wage cuts had been restored; port labour costs had increased, coal and oil fuel had advanced, in some cases as much as 70 per cent.; stores cost more and repair costs were heavily up. All those items applied generally, but the increases were greater in some trades than in others. Their plain duty was to protect themselves as best they might, and that gave him the opportunity of paying a tribute to the work of the Tramp Shipping Administrative Committee, in whose work the liners had collaborated. He wished it were possible to achieve the same measure of co-operation in the liner trades.

Granted peaceful conditions, he believed that in the next year or two, during which period high costs would prevent any excessive building of new ships, there would be a continuance of profitable trading for the shipping industry. In that period it should be possible to bring about a revival of international trade, so that by the time the effects of the rearmament policy began to wane there should lie before the shipping industry a further period of profitable trading, based on sounder foundations than those which underlaid existing conditions.

The report was unanimously adopted.

TRAINING CENTRES

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A recognised training centre for the Diploma of the University of London in Physical Education, also for the Certificate of the Chartered Society in Massage and Medical Gymnastics.
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TRAINING CENTRES—continued

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The Advertisement Manager,
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